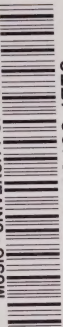


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Kidson, Frank (ed.)  
A garland of English folk-  
songs

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# A GARLAND OF ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS

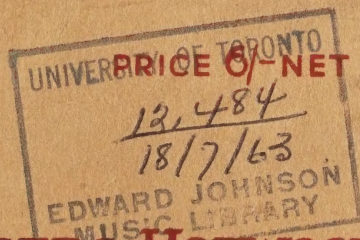
BEING A COLLECTION OF

SIXTY  
FOLK-  
SONGS



COLLECTED AND EDITED by  
**FRANK KIDSON M.A.**

WITH—  
*PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS* by  
**ALFRED MOFFAT**



**ASCHERBERG HOPWOOD & CREW LTD.,**  
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# A Garland of English Folk-Songs

Being a Collection of Sixty Folk-Songs  
Collected and Edited by

FRANK KIDSON, M.A.



With Pianoforte Accompaniments

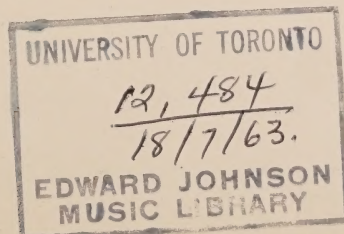
by

ALFRED MOFFAT

*Laurence Holmes with  
best wishes from Alfred Moffat.  
9 March 1939.*

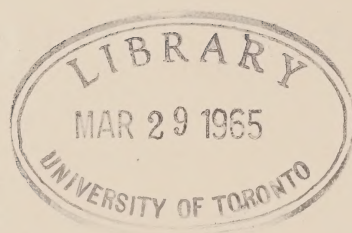
*(Please my sister's name being on this copy, the only  
one I have apart from my file-copy)*

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M  
1740  
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## PREFACE

THIS present collection of Folk-songs comprises most of the themes beloved of Folk-song singers. The delights of being a plough boy, the perils of the highway, when Gentlemen of the Road took toll, (and were sometimes outwitted,) the rustic love, the dangers of the seas, were things to talk about and to put into rude verse. The folk-song had its limitations, and confined itself solely to events and sentiments which were within the scope of the singer's thought and experience. Frequently, the verse was so rude and unpolished as to be faulty in metre and in rhyme. In these cases I have ventured to carefully amend glaring instances, and here and there to shorten ballads which, now-a-days, are too long for singing. In addition to these revisions I have completed a few imperfect songs, imperfect through the faulty memory of the singer, but this has been done carefully and in full sympathy with the original.

The tunes have been noted down from the lips of old men and women, most of whom have long since passed away, for the bulk of the collection was made thirty years ago.

I have to thank my old friend, Mr. Charles Lolley, of Leeds, for his kind assistance so readily given. Also my correspondent, Mr. T. C. Smith, of Scarborough; and I am indebted to Mr. Clarke, of Wortley, for the tune of "The Pretty Ploughboy."

FRANK KIDSON



## FOREWORD

WRITING more than two centuries ago the cultured Mr. Addison tells us in the character of Mr. Spectator :—

“ When I travelled I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come down from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed ; for it is impossible that anything be universally tasted and approved of by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of the nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man.” (Spectator No. 70.)

He further says :—

“ An ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance.”

If needed, this is sufficient authority to give traditional folk-song a place for consideration among English literature and music. But, both before and after Addison's statement, writers have not failed to show their appreciation of the songs of the common people.

Strange it is that folk-song and folk-melody ran, until recent years, as an obscure stream ignored by the musician, who is now quick to recognise its merits and value.

The beautiful melodies which have come down to us from the memories of old men and women, have in them the essentials of pure English melody, purer than any other music we possess ; a melody unaffected by fashion or the influence of the music of any other nation. In the course of our musical history we have accepted the Italian, the French and the German standards, but our folk-melody has remained pure and unbiassed by any but its own formula. It has, therefore, for many reasons, great claims upon our consideration.

One of the first to see the beauty and quaintness of the English country song was the Rev. John Broadwood, Squire of Lyne, on the borders of Surrey and Sussex. In 1843 he published anonymously a folio collection of sixteen of the folk-songs sung in his neighbourhood, drawing attention to the fact that they were “ specimens of genuine old English Melody.” Miss Lucy E. Broadwood, many years later, continued his work in the same field, and no words can sufficiently indicate the value of her untiring labour in the world of folk-song.

In 1889 Mr. Baring-Gould, through a chance remark at a dinner table, commenced to collect the folk-songs of Cornwall and Devon, and he published the result in his “ *Songs of the West* ” (1899-1891).

In 1891 I published “ *Traditional Tunes,* ” the outcome of my collecting in Yorkshire and the Scottish border. The late Dr. W. A. Barrett issued his collection in or about the same year, and Miss L. E. Broadwood, with Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, published “ *English County Songs* ” in 1893.



These were the pioneers of the English folk-song movement and, by the influence of Miss Broadwood, Mr. Fuller Maitland, and myself, the Folk-song Society was formed in 1898. This Society has published a great quantity of folk-songs, collected by its Members in various parts of England, and is still in a very flourishing condition.

The collecting of folk-songs is not an easy task. One comes across an old fellow who has, one feels sure, a wealth of folk-songs in his memory, but who, from stupidity, will only give voice to some bygone favourite comic song of fifty years ago that was the joy of his boyhood days. Or perhaps, he will fall shy or stupid, and nothing can be got out of him. Or we find a lady, equally inviting, whose shyness makes her "*talk*" the tune instead of singing it, and it is only by dint of catching the fragments of melody, by endless repetition, that the air can be elicited as a whole.

I remember once walking some miles and spending a small fortune in beer at a moorland ale house in the hopes of getting some folk-songs. The rustics silently inbibed the beer, and I went away songless, after several hours of expectancy.

But there are brighter sides to the pursuit, and one joyfully comes across a singer full of good old songs, ready to help one and in sympathy with one's quest. I recall an old charwoman, who as a girl had lived at Knaresborough in Yorkshire, who was provided with many delightful folk-songs. She had a good voice and I obtained some excellent material from her singing.

One point about folk-song we must notice. The same ballad or song is found united to many different airs, and no two singers give it the same melody. For example, the ballad of "*Lord Bateman*" is universally known, yet, although it has been collected probably thirty or forty times, in no instance is one tune like another; and so with other folk-songs. This is explained by the fact that as folk-melody is unwritten there can be no standard, and each district invents its own tune. This variation of the tune is due either to the whim of the singer, or to imperfect knowledge.

The quality that is most noticeable in folk song is its earnestness. If a folk-song singer sings of the joys of being a ploughboy he *really* thinks there is no life that equals it, and throughout all folk-songs the same sincerity applies. A professional song-writer may sing of roses or of "old fashioned Mothers," or of any other theme that is popular, but it is quite evident that he is not voicing his personal feeling but merely striving to catch a favourable hearing.

The invention of folk-song, alas, is dead. The conditions of life are changed, and the country places are no longer detached from the influence of Town and City life. There are no *remote* villages in England since the motor came, and rustics have entered into the life of the country at large. Soon their fathers' and their grandfathers' songs will be entirely forgotten, and we must thank those people who have rescued so many beautiful folk-songs from oblivion, and given them a permanent place in their admirable collections.

FRANK KIDSON



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# Seventeen come Sunday

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Brightly**

VOICE *p*

PIANO *p* *ten.* *sfrit. p*

As I walked out one May morning, One

*cresc.* *p* *rit.*

May morn-ing so ear-ly, I ov-er-took a bon-nie lass, And

*cresc.* *p* *rit.*

she was sing-ing clear-ly. With my fal la la, fal la la,

*slen.* *f* *slen.* *f* *sf*

*poco largam* *Last time*

Fal la la la la la la.

*poco largam* *pa tempo* *ten.* *sfrit.*

The musical score is arranged in four systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a 'Brightly' tempo marking. The voice part starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment also starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody with lyrics 'May morn-ing so ear-ly, I ov-er-took a bon-nie lass, And'. It includes markings for crescendo (*cresc.*), piano (*p*), and ritardando (*rit.*). The third system continues with 'she was sing-ing clear-ly. With my fal la la, fal la la,'. It features slurs, a 'slen.' (sustained) marking, and dynamics *f* and *sf*. The fourth system shows the end of the piece with the lyrics 'Fal la la la la la la.' and a 'Last time' marking. It includes tempo markings *poco largam* and *pa tempo*, and dynamics *ten.* and *sfrit.*.



As I walked out one May morning,  
 One May morning so early,  
 I overtook a bonnie lass,  
 And she was singing clearly.  
     With my fal la lal, fal la lal  
     Fal la lal lal lal la la.

Oh, stockings white and shoes black bright,  
 Her buckles shone like silver,  
 She had a dark and rolling eye,  
 And her hair was on her shoulder.  
     With my fal.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid,  
 Where are you going my honey?"  
 She answered me right saucily,  
 "An errand for my mammy!"  
     With my fal.

"How old are you, my bonnie lass,  
 How old are you my honey?"  
 She answered me right cheerfully,  
 "I'm seventeen come Sunday."  
     With my fal.

I next went to her mammy's house  
 To woo her most sincerely,  
 And she came tripping down the stair  
 To welcome me most cheerly.  
     With my fal.

"Oh, lassie, will you marry me?  
 It must be now or never."  
 She flung herself into my arms  
 And said, "I'll love for ever."  
     With my fal.

"For I'll go with my soldier lad,  
 The drum and fife delight me,  
 I'll march with him throughout the War,  
 There's nothing there shall fright me."  
     With my fal.



# The Female Highwayman

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**VOICE** *Boldly* *mf*

Syl - va, Syl - va, one

**PIANO** *mf*

day, one day, She dress'd her - self in man's ar - ray, With a

brace of pis - tols by her side To

meet her true love, to meet her true love a - way did ride.

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

*Ed.*



Sylva, Sylva, one day, one day,  
 She dressed herself in man's array,  
 With a brace of pistols by her side,  
 To meet her true love, to meet her true love, away did ride.

As she rode out the self same day,  
 She met her love and bade him stay,  
 "Stand and deliver, sir," she said,  
 "Or if you don't, or if you don't, I'll shoot you dead."

When she had robbed him of his store,  
 She said, "Kind sir, there's one thing more,  
 A diamond ring is on your hand,  
 Pray give it me, pray give it me, at my demand."

"The ring" he said "I will not part,  
 A token 'tis from my sweetheart."  
 "If such it is then keep it pray."  
 And she content, and she content, then rode away.

Next morning in the garden green,  
 Just like two lovers they were seen.  
 His watch he saw hung from her clothes,  
 Which made him blush, which made him blush, like any rose.

"What makes you blush, you silly thing,  
 I thought to have your diamond ring,  
 'Tis I that robbed you on the plain,  
 So take your gold, so take your gold, and watch again."

"I robbed you for I wished to know,  
 If you my true love was or no,  
 So now I have contented mind,  
 My heart and hand, my heart and hand, is always thine"

NOTE. Sylva is a contraction of Sylvia.



# The Grey Mare

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Lively, (*but not too fast*)

VOICE

*mf*

Young Roger the miller he

PIANO

*mf*

*p*

*Ad.*

*\**

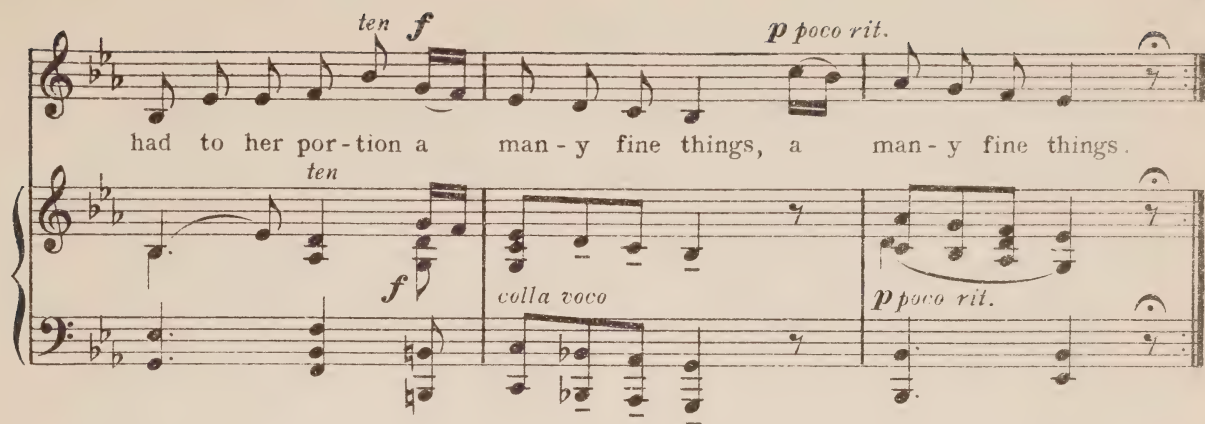
court-ed of late, A far-mer's gay daugh-ter called beau-ti-ful Kate; She

had to her for-tune five hun-dred pounds, Be-sides handsome jew-els and

man-y fine gowns; She had to her por-tion both jew-els and rings, She

*rit.* - - - *a tempo*

*rit.* - - - *a tempo*



Young Roger the miller he courted of late,  
 A farmer's gay daughter called beautiful Kate,  
 She had to her fortune five hundred pounds,  
 Besides handsome jewels and many fine gowns,  
 She had to her portion both jewels and rings,  
 She had to her fortune a many fine things.

The glittering money, and beauty likewise,  
 Did tickle his fancy and dazzle his eyes,  
 Which caused young Roger to tell his mind,  
 And unto his lover be constant and kind,  
 That no other woman should ere be his bride,  
 "For thou art my jewel, my jewel and pride"

The wedding made ready, the money put down,  
 A very fine portion, five hundred pounds,  
 "If e'en nothing further shall fall to my share,  
 I'll not have your daughter without the grey mare.  
 The money is handsome but still to my share  
 If I marry your daughter I will have the grey mare"

The farmer made answer unto him with speed,  
 "I thought you'd have married my daughter indeed,  
 But as it so happens my daughter's no worse,  
 The money again shall go into my purse,  
 But as it is so, I solemnly swear,  
 You'll not have my daughter nor yet the grey mare"

Then Roger, that rascal, was turned out of door,  
 And bid to begone and come there no more,  
 Then Roger he tore his locks of long hair,  
 And he wished he'd never staid for the grey mare.  
 Then Roger he tore at his locks of long hair,  
 And wished he had never staid for the grey mare.

In six month hereafter, or something above,  
 He chanced for to meet with sweet Kitty his love,  
 Then smiling, said Roger, "Why don't you know me?"  
 "If I'm not mistaken, I've seen you," said she,  
 "Or one very like you with long yellow hair,  
 Did once come a courting my father's grey mare"

Then smiling, said Roger, "You are much to blame,  
 For it was unto you that a-courting I came,  
 I thought your old father would make no dispute,  
 In giving his daughter and grey mare to boot,  
 But now he has lost a most dutiful son,  
 And I'm very sorry for what I have done"

"Oh! as to thy sorrows I value them not,  
 There's plenty of men in this world to be got,  
 There's not many young men when at the last fair,  
 Does marry a wife for the sake of a mare,  
 The price of a mare is not very great  
 So fare thee well, Roger, go, man, to thy fate"



# Lord Bateman

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Moderato (*Tempo and expression to be adapted to the sense of the verses*)

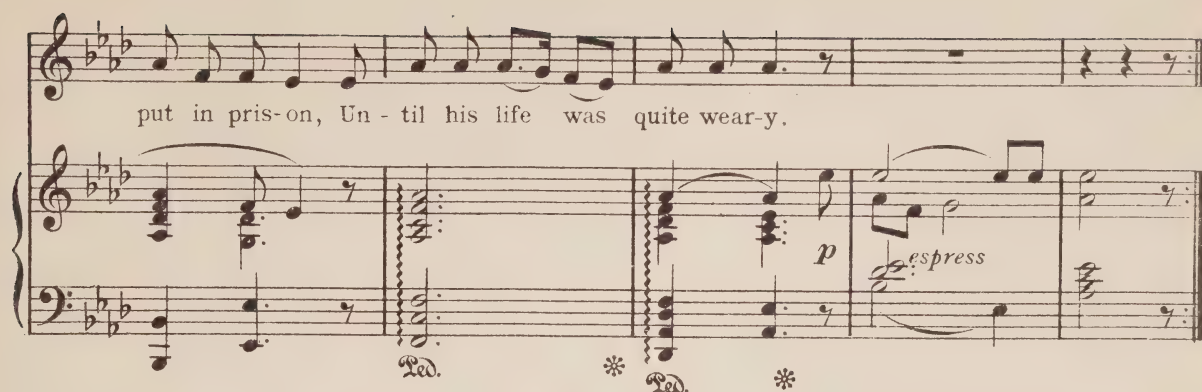
PIANO

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble staff starts with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note G. The bass staff starts with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note G. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the expression is 'Tempo and expression to be adapted to the sense of the verses'. The introduction ends with a half note B-flat and a quarter note A in the treble, and a half note B-flat and a quarter note A in the bass.

The first system of the song is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The treble staff contains the melody: Lord Bateman was a no-ble lord, A no-ble lord of high de-gree; He. The bass staff contains the accompaniment: a half note B-flat, a quarter note A, and a half note G. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the expression is 'Tempo and expression to be adapted to the sense of the verses'. The system ends with a half note B-flat and a quarter note A in the treble, and a half note B-flat and a quarter note A in the bass.

The second system of the song is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The treble staff contains the melody: put him self all on a ship, Some for-eign coun-tries he would go see. He. The bass staff contains the accompaniment: a half note B-flat, a quarter note A, and a half note G. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the expression is 'Tempo and expression to be adapted to the sense of the verses'. The system ends with a half note B-flat and a quarter note A in the treble, and a half note B-flat and a quarter note A in the bass.

The third system of the song is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The treble staff contains the melody: sailèd east and sailèd west, Un-til he came to fair Turkey, Where he was taken and. The bass staff contains the accompaniment: a half note B-flat, a quarter note A, and a half note G. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the expression is 'Tempo and expression to be adapted to the sense of the verses'. The system ends with a half note B-flat and a quarter note A in the treble, and a half note B-flat and a quarter note A in the bass.



Lord Bateman was a noble lord,  
A noble lord of high degree,  
He put himself all on a ship,  
Some foreign countries he would go see.

He sailèd east he sailèd west,  
Until he came to proud Turkey,  
Where he was taken and put in prison,  
Until his life was most dreary.

And in this prison there grew a tree,  
It grew so stout, it grew so strong,  
Where he was chainèd by the middle,  
Until his life was almost gone.

An only daughter had the Turk,  
The fairest creature my eyes did see,  
She stole the keys of her father's prison,  
And swore Lord Bateman she would set free!

"O I've got houses, I've got lands,  
Northumberland belongs to me,  
I'll give it all to the fair young lady,  
That out of prison would set me free."

She took him to her father's house  
And gave to him the best of wine,  
And every health she drank unto him  
"I wish, Lord Bateman, that you were mine."

"For seven years I'll make a vow,  
For seven years, and keep it strong,  
If you will wed no other woman,  
Then I will wed no other man."

She took him to her father's harbour  
And gave to him a ship of fame,  
"Farewell, farewell, my dear Lord Bateman,  
I fear I shall ne'er see you again"

Now, seven years were gone and past,  
And fourteen days well known to me,  
She packed up her gay clothing,  
And then Lord Bateman she would go see.

She came then to Lord Bateman's castle  
So boldly now she rang the bell;  
"Who's there now?" cried the young porter,  
"Who's there - now come unto me quick tell?"

"Oh, is this Lord Bateman's castle,  
And is his Lordship here within?"  
"Oh yes, oh yes," the porter cried,  
"He's just now taking his young bride in."

"Tell him to send a slice of bread,  
A bottle of the best of wine,  
And not forgetting the fair young lady  
That did release him when close confined."

Away went that proud young porter,  
Away, away, away went he,  
Until he came to Lord Bateman's door,  
Down on his bended knees fell he.

"What news, what news, my young porter,  
What news have you brought unto me?"  
"There is the fairest of all young ladies,  
That ever my two eyes did see"

"On every finger she has a ring,  
On one of them she has got three,  
And such gay gold around her middle,  
That would buy Northumberland for thee."

"From you she wants a slice of bread,  
A bottle of the best of wine,  
And not forgetting the fair young,  
That did release you when close confined."

Lord Bateman then in anger flew,  
And broke his sword in splinters three,  
"I will give all my father's richers,  
If that Sophia has crossed the sea"

Then up spoke this bride's young mother,  
Who ne'er was heard to speak so free,  
"You'll not forget my only daughter,  
If this Sophia has crossed the sea"

"I own your daughter is my bride,  
The better nor the worse for me,  
She came to me with a horse and saddle,  
She may go home in a coach and three."

He then prepared another marriage  
With both their hearts so full of glee.  
"I'll range no more in foreign countries  
Now since Sophia has crossed the sea"



# As I was travelling the North Countrie

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Brightly (*not too slow*)

VOICE

PIANO

*mf*

*mf*

*slen.*

As

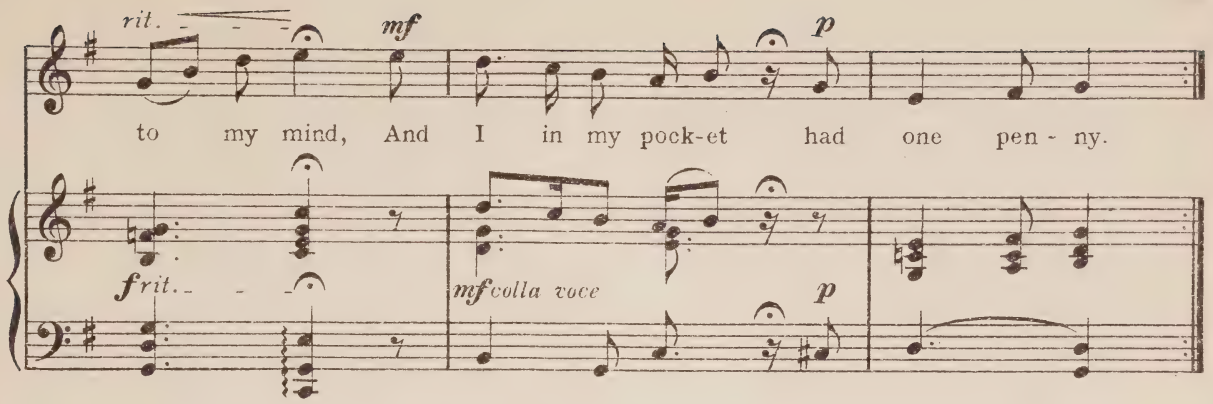
I was a - trav'lling the North Coun-trie A - seek - ing for good

*mf*

com - pan - y, Good com - pan - y I al - ways could find, But

none was pleas - ing to my mind, Yes, to my mind, Yes,

*f*



As I was a-travelling the North Country,  
 A-seeking for good company,  
 Good company I always could find,  
 But none was pleasing to my mind,  
 Yes, to my mind, yes, to my mind,  
 And I in my pocket had one penny.

I saddled my horse and away I did ride,  
 I came to an alehouse by the road side,  
 I called for a pot of ale that was brown,  
 And then alongside I sat myself down,  
 I sat myself down, I sat myself down,  
 And I in my pocket had one penny.

Three gentlemen there were playing the dice,  
 They thought I was simple and not over wise,  
 They thought I looked foolish and cheated could be,  
 They did not know then I'd but one penny,  
 But one penny, but one penny,  
 I had in my pocket but one penny.

I took up the box and made the dice spin,  
 It was my good fortune that time for to win,  
 If they had been winners then I had been worse,  
 For I'd but to give my old empty purse,  
 My old empty purse, my old empty purse.  
 For I in my pocket had one penny.

I tarried all night and half the next day,  
 I thought it was time to be jogging away,  
 "The reckoning, pray, landlady, give it to me,"  
 "You hearty young fellow I'll let you go free,"  
 I'll let you go free, I'll let you go free,"  
 I'd won twenty guineas with my penny.



# Young Riley the Fisherman

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Moderato** *mf*

VOICE As

PIANO *poco rit.*

*mf* *sostenuto*

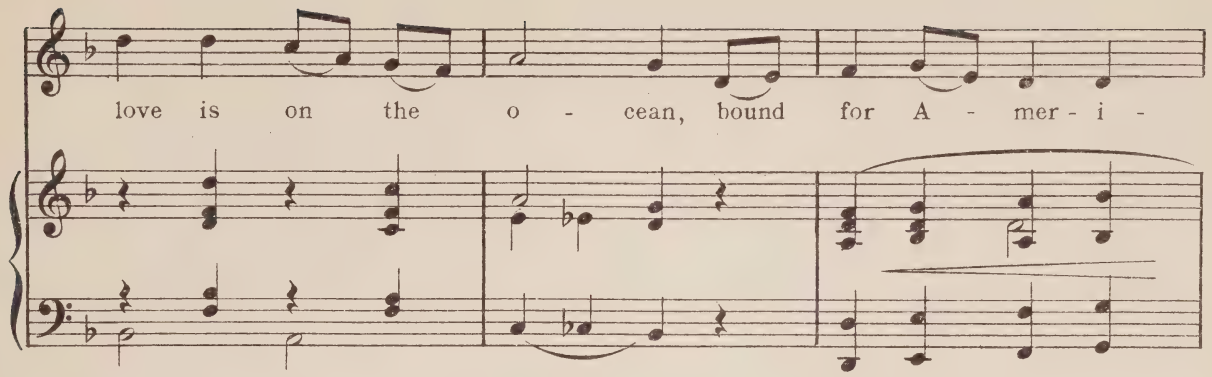
I went out one morn - ing Down by the ri - ver side, I

heard a maid com - plain - ing, And bit - ter - ly she cried, The

cold is ve - ry bit - ter the maid - en then did say, My

*Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* \*

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (VOICE) and a piano accompaniment (PIANO). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The piano part begins with a 'poco rit.' (poco ritardando) marking. The lyrics are: 'I went out one morn - ing Down by the ri - ver side, I heard a maid com - plain - ing, And bit - ter - ly she cried, The cold is ve - ry bit - ter the maid - en then did say, My'. The score ends with three 'Ad.' (Ad libitum) markings and an asterisk (\*).



Verses 1-5

Last time



As I roved out one morning down by the river side,  
I heard a maid complaining and bitterly she cried,  
The cold is very bitter the maiden then did say,  
My love is on the ocean bound for America.

John Riley is my true love he lives down by the quay,  
He is a handsome young man as e'er my eyes did see.  
My father he has riches and Riley he is poor  
Because I loved my sailor lad he could not me endure.

My mother then did call me and this to me did say,  
"If you are fond of Riley you must leave the country."  
"Don't be severe, dear mother, for there I send my love,  
My very heart is beating as constant as the dove"

"I'm not severe, dear daughter, here is one thousand pound,  
To America send Riley to purchase you some ground,  
This very night to kill him, thy father's charged his gun."  
So when she'd got the money to Riley she did run.

When Riley got the money, next day he sailed away,  
And when he'd got on ship board, these words he then did say,  
"Here is of love a token, we'll break it into two"  
"You have my heart young Riley until I come to you"

It was twelve months and after, she was walking by the sea,  
When back again came Riley and took his love away.  
The ship was wrecked and all were lost, the father grieved sore,  
Young Riley and his daughter were dead upon the shore.

The beautiful old tune must be an excuse for the doggerel of the verses.

A.H.&C.Ltd.10969.



# The Highwayman Outwitted

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Rather quick

VOICE

PIANO

*p* *sf* *sempre non legato*

It's of a rich farmer in

Cheshire, To market his daughter did go, Not thinking that an-y would

harm her, She'd often been that way be-fore. It fell on one time among many, A

great store of corn that she sold, She hav-ing re-ceived the money In



It's of a rich farmer in Cheshire,  
To market his daughter did go,  
Not thinking that any would harm her,  
She'd often been that way before.

It fell on one time among many,  
A great store of corn that she sold,  
She having received the money,  
In shillings and guineas of gold.

She then rode a little way further,  
But dreading some danger to find,  
She sewed it all up in her saddle,  
Which was with good leather all lined.

She riding a little way further,  
She met a thief on the highway,  
A highwayman very well mounted,  
Who soon did oblige her to stay.

Three blows then he presently gave her,  
A pistol he held to her breast,  
"Your money this moment deliver,  
Or else you shall die, I protest."

This maiden was sorely affrighted,  
And so was poor Dobbin the steed,  
When off from his back she alighted  
He quickly ran home with great speed.

This damsel he nearly stripped naked,  
And gave her some sorrowful blows,  
Saying, "Girl, you must patiently take it,  
I'll have both your money and clothes."

The thief up his bundle was making,  
His horse he obliged her to hold,  
The poor girl stood trembling and shaking  
For she was near perished with cold.

There are several ballads amongst folk-songs showing how a Highwayman was outwitted. The "Yorkshire Farmer" in the present collection is one.

The girl while she held fast the bridle,  
Was beginning to be less afraid,  
Said she, "It's in vain to be idle,  
I'll show you the trick of a maid."

Then up on the saddle she mounted,  
Just as if she had been a young man,  
As while on the money he counted,  
"Pray follow me, sir, if you can."

The rogue he flew into a passion,  
He cursed her, he swears, and he blows,  
At length his words were "Halloo,  
Stay, girl, I will give you your clothes."

She says "That is not so much matter,  
You may keep them, kind sir, if you please."  
He ran but he could not get at her,  
His boots they so hampered his knees.

She rode over hedges and ditches,  
The way home she knew very well,  
She left him a parcel of farthings,  
The sum of five shillings to tell.

This maiden was sorely benighted,  
From seven till twelve of the clock,  
Her father was sorely affrighted,  
To see her come stripped to her smock.

Oh, daughter the matter come tell me,  
And why have you tarried so long,  
She says "Some hard fortune befell me,  
But I have received no wrong."

They ended their sorrow with laughter  
When in his portmanteau they found  
In a bundle a great sum of money,  
In all about eight hundred pounds.



# The Golden Glove

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

A weal-thy young squire of Tamworth, we hear, He courted a

la-dy both wealthy and fair And for to quickly marry her it was his in-tent All

friends and re-la-tions had giv'n their con-sent. The time was ap-point-ed for

the wed-ding day, A young far-mer chosen to give her a-way; As

soon as the far-mer the young la-dy did spy He in-flam-ed her heart; "O my

Verses 1-9 Last Verse

heart!" she did cry plough."

(bells)  
a tempo

A wealthy young squire of Tamworth, we hear,  
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair;  
And for to quickly marry her it was his intent,  
All friends and relations had given their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day,  
A young farmer chosen to give her away,  
As soon as the farmer the young lady did spy  
He inflamed her heart, "O, my heart," she did cry.

She turned from the squire, but nothing she said,  
Instead of being married she took to her bed,  
The thought of the farmer still ran in her mind,  
A way for to have him she quickly did find.

Coat waistcoat and breeches she then did put on,  
And a hunting she went with her dog and her gun,  
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,  
Because in her heart she did love him full well.

She oftentimes fired, but nothing she killed,  
At length the young farmer came into the field,  
And to discourse with him it was her intent,  
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.

"I thought you had been at the wedding," she cried,  
"To wait on the squire, and give him his bride;"  
"No sir," said the farmer, "if the truth I may tell,  
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well."

It pleased the lady to find him so bold,  
She gave him a glove that was flowered with gold,  
And told him she found it when coming along,  
As she was a hunting with her dog and her gun.

The lady went home with her heart full of love,  
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove,  
And said, "Who has found it and brings it to me,  
Whoever he is, he my husband shall be."

The farmer was pleased when he heard of the news,  
With heart full of joy to the lady he goes,  
"Dear honoured lady, I've picked up your glove,  
And hope you'll be pleased to grant me your love."

"It's already granted, I will be your bride,  
I love the sweet breath of a farmer," she cried,  
"I'll be mistress of my dairy, and milking my cow,  
While my jolly brisk farmer is whistling at plough."



# The Pretty Ploughboy

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Moderato (not too slow)** *p*

VOICE As

PIANO *mf espress* *p*

I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing fair in Spring..... I

heard a pret - ty dam - sel so sweet - ly to sing, And

as she was a sing - ing, these words I heard her say..... There's no

*Red.* \*

*Red.* \*

life..... like the plough-boy's in the sweet month of May.

*Last time*

*p* *dim* *rit.*

As I was a walking one morning fair in spring,  
 I heard a pretty damsel so sweetly to sing,  
 And as she was a-singing these words I heard her say,  
 There's no life like the ploughboy's in the sweet month of May.

There's the lark in the morning she rises from her nest,  
 And she mounts the white air with dew on her breast,  
 And like the pretty ploughboy she'll whistle and she'll sing,  
 And at night she will return to her nest back again.

When the day's work is over that he has got to do,  
 Perhaps to some wake or country fair he'll go,  
 And with his sweetheart he'll dance and he'll sing,  
 And at night he'll return to his own home again.

Good luck to each ploughboy where ever he may be,  
 He'll take a pretty girl to sit on his knee,  
 With a jug of ale beside him he'll whistle and he'll sing,  
 For a ploughboy is as happy as a prince or as a king.



# The Dover Sailor

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Cheerfully

*mf*

VOICE

It's of a brisk young sail-or boy, from Do-ver town he came, He

PIANO

*mf*

court-ed pret-ty Sal-ly, pret-ty Sal-ly was her name, But

she be-ing loft-y, and her por-tion it being high, That she up-on a

sail-or would scarce-ly cast an eye.

*poco rit.*

*colla voce*

*rit.*

It's of a brisk young sailor boy, from Dover town he came,  
 He courted pretty Sally, pretty Sally was her name,  
 But she be being lofty, and her portion it being high,  
 That she upon a sailor would scarcely cast an eye.

"O, Sally, fairest maiden, O Sally false," says he,  
 "I fear that your cold heart my downfall it will be,  
 Unless your present hatred will turn into true love,  
 You've made me broken-hearted, my ruin it will prove."

"O Sally, dearest Sally, I swear that I'll prove true,  
 If I may be your lover, I'm sure you'll never rue,  
 But if your heart is cold love, broken-hearted I shall be,  
 I have nothing else to live for, and so I'll die you'll see,"

I do not love a sailor boy nor any other man,  
 So keep your heart in comfort, forget me if you can;  
 As I am now a maiden, then a maiden still I'll be,  
 So get another sweetheart to love instead of me."

But when a year was over, when twelve months they were past,  
 This pretty maid was pining for her sailor boy at last,  
 Entangled she was in her love, and that she knew not why,  
 Sent quickly for the sailor whom at first she did deny.

"O am I now a doctor man that you have sent for me,  
 Or am I the young sailor that you would wish to see?"  
 "O yes you are the doctor and you can kill or cure,  
 The pain that I do feel, my love, I scarcely can endure."

"O Sally, falsest Sally, O Sally" then said he.  
 "Pray don't you well remember that you have slighted me,  
 How you have slighted me, my love, and treated me with scorn,  
 But now I will reward you for all that you have done."

She took rings from her fingers small by one and two and three,  
 Saying "Here my dearest Billy, in remembrance of me,  
 In memory of me my love, when I am dead and gone,  
 Perhaps you may be sorry for all that you have done."



# Poor Old Horse

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Moderato (rather slow and with expression.)

VOICE

Oh, when I was a young horse, All

PIANO

*p*

*p* *espress*

*ritard*

*p*

*Red.* \*

in my youth-ful prime, My mas-ter used to ride on me, He thought me ve-ry fine. But

now that I'm grown old, And na-ture does de-cay, My mas-ter frowns up-on me, And

*Red.* *Red.* \*

*poco rit.* *len.* *sempre rit.*

this I hear him say, "Poor old horse, poor old horse."

*poco rit.* *sempre rit.*

*Red.* \*

Oh when I was a young horse,  
 All in my youthful prime,  
 My master used to ride on me,  
 He thought me very fine.  
 But now that I'm grown old,  
 And nature does decay,  
 My master frowns upon me,  
 And this I hear him say,  
 "Poor old horse, poor old horse."

My clothing then was once  
 Of the shining superfine,  
 Then I stood in the stable yard,  
 And did in glory shine,  
 But now that I'm grown old,  
 And nature does decay,  
 My master frowns upon me,  
 And this I hear him say,  
 "Poor old horse, poor old horse."

Oh, once when I was fed  
 On the best of corn and hay,  
 That grew in pleasant pastures,  
 Or in the meadows gay,  
 But now that I'm grown old,  
 And scarcely I can crawl,  
 I'm forced to eat the grasses  
 That grow against the wall,  
 Poor old horse, poor old horse.

My hide unto the tanner,  
 Most freely I will give,  
 My body to the hounds also,  
 I'd rather die than live,  
 And as for my old bones,  
 They've carried many miles,  
 O'er hedges and o'er ditches,  
 And over gates and stiles,  
 Poor old horse, poor old horse.



# The Old Man in the North Country

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

*Allegretto (not too slow)*

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. It starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some with accents. The left hand, in bass clef, provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked *Allegretto (not too slow)*.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and the lyrics: "There was an old man in the North Country, Low down, der-ry down dee, There was an old man in the". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "North Coun - try, Va - lid we ought to be..... There was an old man in the". The piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic support with various chordal textures.

The third system of the song shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "North Country, And he had daugh - ters one, two, three, And I'll be true to my love if my". The piano accompaniment features some more active passages, including a section marked *colla voce* (with the voice).

The fourth system concludes the song. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "love will be true to me.....". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The system is marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Ed.

\*

There was an old man in the North Country,  
 Low down derry down dee,  
 There was an old man in the North Country,  
 Valid we ought to be,  
 There was an old man in the North Country,  
 He had daughters, one, two, three.  
 I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me

There came a young man to the North Country,  
 Low down derry down dee,  
 There came a young man to the North Country,  
 Valid we ought to be.  
 There came a young man to the North Country,  
 He came to court the younger dame,  
 Then I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me.

He bought the younger a beaver hat,  
 Low down derry down dee,  
 He bought the younger a beaver hat,  
 Valid we ought to be.  
 He bought the younger a beaver hat,  
 The elder one was not pleased at that,  
 Then I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me.

He bought the younger a gay gold ring,  
 Low down derry down dee,  
 He bought the younger a gay gold ring,  
 Valid we ought to be.  
 He bought the younger a gay gold ring,  
 The elder not being pleased at him,  
 Then I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me.

"Oh sister let's go to the water brim,  
 Low down derry down dee.  
 Oh sister let's go to the water brim,"  
 Valid we ought to be.  
 Away they went to the water brim,  
 The elder pushed the younger in,  
 I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me

Away she floated, away she swam,  
 Low down derry down dee,  
 Away she floated, away she swam,  
 Valid we ought to be.  
 Until she came to the merry mill dam,  
 She looked so pale and looked so wan,  
 Then I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me.

The miller's daughter stood at the door,  
 Low down derry down dee,  
 The miller's daughter stood at the door,  
 Valid we ought to be,  
 She saw this maiden came to shore,  
 With all the jewels that she wore  
 Then I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me.

"O Father, O father what's in the mill dam,"  
 Low down derry down dee,  
 "O father, O father, whats in the mill dam,"  
 Valid we ought to be.  
 "A fish, a fish and a new 'britan',  
 Or else it is a snow white swan,"  
 Then I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me.

Go fetch me out my fishing hook,  
 Low down derry down dee,  
 Go fetch me out my fishing hook,  
 Valid we ought to be.  
 I'll draw the maiden from the brook,  
 If I but catch her with my crook,  
 Then I'll be true to my love if my love will be true to me.

For another version of this ballad see "The Cruel Sister" in this collection.



# The Cruel Sister

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Moderato (the time to be adapted to the dramatic sense of the ballad)

PIANO

*p espress.*

*rit.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a more rhythmic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the mood is 'espress.' (expressive). The piece ends with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking.

*p* *mf* *p*

There were two sis - ters sat in a bow'r, Hey ho, my Nan-nie, oh, There

The first vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The vocal line starts with a 'p' (piano) dynamic, followed by 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and then 'p' again. The piano accompaniment follows a similar dynamic pattern.

*espress.* *poco slen.* *p*

came a knight to be their woo'r, And the swan swims so bonnie, oh, He courted the eld-er with

The second vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The vocal line starts with 'espress.' (expressive) and 'poco slen.' (poco slessando), followed by 'p' (piano). The piano accompaniment follows a similar dynamic pattern.

*mf* *p*

gloves and rings, Hey ho, my Nan-nie, oh, But he loved the young-er a -

The third vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The vocal line starts with 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and then 'p' (piano). The piano accompaniment follows a similar dynamic pattern.

*espress*

*Verses rit.*

*Last time rit.*

-bove all things, And the swan swims so bon-nie, oh, bonnie, oh,

*espress*

*rit.* *p* *espress e poco rit.* *rit.*

There were two sisters sat in a bower,  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 There came a knight to be their wooer,  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

He courted the elder with glove and rings,  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 But he loved the younger above all things,  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

He courted the elder with brooch and knife,  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 But he loved the younger above his life.  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

The elder she was vexed sair,  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 And sore she envied her sister fair.  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

The elder said to the younger one,  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 "Let's go and see our father's ships come in."  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

She's ta'en her by the lily white hand,  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 And led her down to the river strand.  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

The younger stood upon a stone,  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 The elder came and pushed her in.  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

"Oh sister, sister, reach me your hand,  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 And you shall be heir of all my land."  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 Until she came to the Miller's dam.  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

The Miller's daughter being dressed in red,  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 She went for some water to bake her bread.  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

"Oh father, father, draw your dam,  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 There's either a mermaid or a white swan."  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

The Miller hastened and drew his dam.  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 And there he found a drowned woman.  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

You could not see her yellow hair,  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 For gold and pearls that were so rare.  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

You could not see her middle sma'  
 Hey Ho, my Nannie oh,  
 Her golden girdle was sae braw.  
 And the swan swims so bonny, oh,

This popular and lengthy ballad is here shortened for want of space, and the present text will be found more suitable for singing purposes than the whole extensive ballad.

Another version of the ballad is "The old man in the North Country" in this collection.



# When Joan's ale was new

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

*Moderato (Brightly)*

VOICE

PIANO

*mf*

*sf*

*mf*

There

was a jov - ial tin - ker, A might - y good ale drink - er From

*mf*

such he was no shrink - er, Be - lieve me, this is true..... He

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

called for a tank-ard of nap - py ale, From hon - est home-brewed he'd

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo and mood instruction 'Moderato (Brightly)'. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part starts with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The voice part enters with a single note 'There' marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a variety of dynamics, including mezzo-forte (*mf*) and fortissimo (*sf*). The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the piano introduction and the first vocal entry. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The third system includes a 'poco rit.' (ritardando) marking. The fourth system concludes the piece with the final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 7/8. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the lyrics: "nev - er quail, To drink a full gal - lon he'd nev - er fail, When". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *cresc.* and *rit.* with a final *f* (forte) marking. The second system begins with the lyrics "Joan's ale was new." and is marked "Last time" above the staff. It includes a repeat sign and a *a tempo* marking. The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, ending with a *sf* (sforzando) marking.

There was a jovial tinker,  
 A mighty good ale drinker,  
 From such he was no shrinker,  
     Believe me this is true.  
 He called for a tankard of nappy ale,  
 From honest home brewed he'd never quail,  
 To drink a full gallon he would not fail,  
     When Joan's ale was new.

There came in next a dyer,  
 Who sat him by the fire,  
 To drink was his desire,  
     And join the jovial crew.  
 He told the landlord to his face,  
 The chimney nook should be his place,  
 And there he'd sit and dye his face,  
     When Joan's ale was new.

There came in next a soldier,  
 With musket on his shoulder,  
 Sure no one could be bolder,  
     To join the jovial crew.  
 He swore he'd fight for England's crown,  
 Before the nation should go down,  
 The healths he'd drink of all around  
     When Joan's ale was new.

There came in next a sailor,  
 Who said he was no tailor,  
 He'd come home from a whaler,  
     To join the jovial crew.  
 He flung his hat upon the floor,  
 And swore that he'd drink more and more,  
 And then for all he'd pay the score,  
     When Joan's ale was new.



# Fair Margaret and Sweet William

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Andante** *p*

VOICE  
There sat two lov-ers side by side, Set on yon high, high

PIANO  
*p espress* *rit* *p*  
*col Led.*

hill; They sat there for a sum-mer's eve, And they could not talk their fill, And they

*espress* *colla voce* *poco rit.*

could not talk their fill. Fair Marg-aret sat in her bed-room, A-comb-ing out her

*p a tempo*  
*a tempo* *p espress*  
*sempre col Led.* \* *Led.*

hair, When she did spy her own true love, Riding by with a la - dy

*espress*



There sat two lovers side by side,  
Set on yon high high hill,  
They sat together for a long summers eve,  
And they could not talk their fill.

Fair Margaret sat in her bedroom  
A-combing out her hair,  
When she did spy her own true love  
Riding by with a lady fair.

Then she laid down her ivory comb,  
Her hair she let it fall,  
She wept to think her own true love  
Should prove false after all.

She had a penknife in her hand  
And it was long and sharp,  
Then she made no more use of it,  
But stabbed it to her heart.

The day being spent and night come on  
When all was fast asleep,  
Fair Margaret's ghost appeared to him,  
And stood at his bed feet.

"Are you awake, Sweet William," she said,  
"Or are you fast asleep?  
God give you joy of your gay bride bed,  
And me of my winding sheet."

"I dreamed a dream, my bride" he said,  
Such dreams are never good,  
I dreamed my bower was full of red wine,  
My bride bed full of blood.

He then called up his merry men  
By one, by two, by three,  
Saying, I will away to Margaret's bower;  
By the leave of my ladie.

Then he turned up the covering sheet,  
Pray let me see the dead,  
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,  
And lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee Margaret,  
Than any of thy kin,  
And I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
Though a smile I cannot win.

Deal on, deal on, my merry men,  
Deal on your cake and wine,  
For what is dealt at her funeral to-day  
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine:

Fair Margaret died to-day, to-day,  
Sweet William died to-morrow,  
Fair Margaret died for pure true love,  
Sweet William died for sorrow.

This is a traditional version of a ballad to be found in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" having some additions from the printed source. The traditional version comes from Knaresborough in Yorkshire.

"Deal on, deal on, my merry men" alludes to the practice of giving a dole at funerals.



# Jack the Sailor

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Moderato**

VOICE

PIANO

*mf*

As I walked out one

morn - ing fair, One morn ing as i was a - walk - ing; I

*ped.* \*

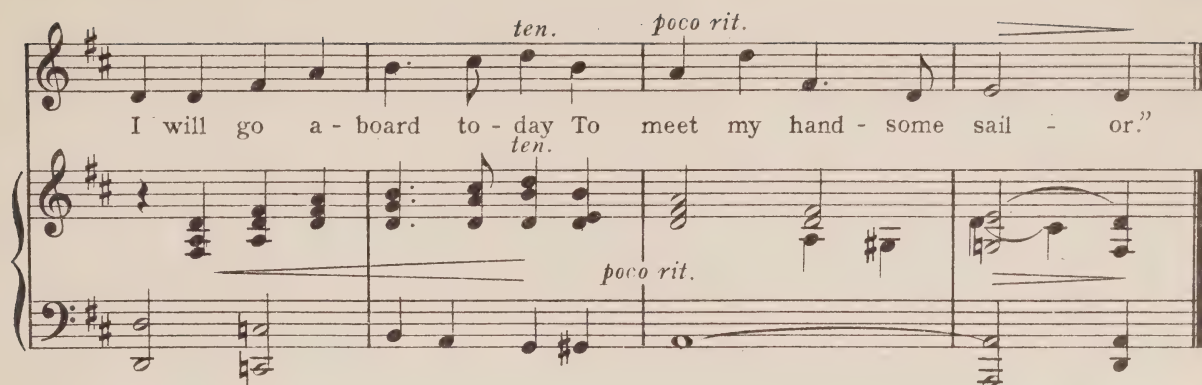
there be - held a la - dy fair, All with her fath - er talk - ing. She

*p*

said, "My true love is come a - shore, He's the on - ly lad I do a - dore, And

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

*poco rit.* *a tempo*



As I walked out one morning fair,  
 One morning as I was a-walking,  
 I there beheld a lady fair  
 All with her father talking.  
 She said, "My true love is come ashore,  
 He's the only lad I do adore,  
 And I will go aboard to-day  
 To meet my handsome sailor."

"Here are five hundred guineas bright,  
 Five hundred more I'll give you,  
 But if you wed against my will  
 One farthing not I'll leave you.  
 Besides, my dear, you are too young,  
 And sailors have a flattering tongue  
 So quit my presence and begone  
 If you wed Jack the sailor."

Then up came Jack the roving tar,  
 "Where is my lovely Nancy?  
 I am now safe returned to thee,  
 My heart's delight and fancy."  
 Five hundred guineas in bright gold  
 Upon the table down he told,  
 And swept them in her apron fold,  
 "Take that from Jack the sailor."

The father he stood in amaze  
 To see bold Jack so clever,  
 "Well done, my hearty sailor boy!  
 Ad zooks, but you shall have her,  
 As you have parted with your store  
 And you each other do adore,  
 My daughter shall have three times more  
 To wed with Jack the sailor."



# The Bold "Princess Royal"

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Boldly**

VOICE *mf* On the fourth day of

PIANO *f* *mf*

*And* \*

Aug - ust we sailed from the land, In the bold "Prin - cess

Roy - al," bound for New-found - land; We had for - ty bright sea-men for a

ship's com - pa - ny, And bold - ly from the east - ward to the



On the fourth day of August we sailed from the land  
 In the bold "Princess Royal" bound for Newfoundland;  
 We had forty bright seamen for a ship's company,  
 And boldly from the eastward to the westward bore we.

We had not been sailing past days two or three  
 When a man from the masthead a sail he did see;  
 She bore down upon us a favouring wind blew,  
 While under her mizen black colours she flew.

"Good Lord," cried the Captain, "what shall we do now?  
 Here comes a bold pirate to rob us I know."  
 "Oh no," cried the Chief Mate, "that ne'er shall be so,  
 We'll shake out a reef, boys, and from her will go!"

"Come bear up your courses and heave your ship to,  
 For I have a letter to send home by you.  
 I'll hold up my courses and heave my ship to,  
 But it shall be in some harbour and not 'longside you."

We hoisted up topsails and every sail too,  
 Our topsails and royals and from her we flew;  
 She fired shots to us but could not prevail  
 For the bold "Princess Royal" soon showed them her tail.

She chased us to windward for all that long day,  
 She chased us to windward but could make no way;  
 For shots she sent frequent to make us to stay,  
 But she hauled up her mainsail and then bore away.

"Thank God," said the Captain, "the pirate is gone,  
 Go down to your grog, boys, go down every one;  
 Go down to your grog, boys, and be of good cheer,  
 The pirate has vanished so now have no fear."



# A brisk young sailor courted me

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Andante con espressione

VOICE

PIANO

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/mood is 'Andante con espressione'. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *mf* and *p*, and tempo markings of *poco rit.* and *rit.*. The score is divided into four systems, each with a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'brisk young sail - or court - ed me, He stole a - way..... my li - ber - ty, He stole my heart with my free good - will, I'. The piano accompaniment features a variety of chords and melodic lines, with some sections marked 'col pedale'.

brisk young sail - or court - ed me, He

stole a - way..... my li - ber - ty, He

stole my heart with my free good - will, I

must ..... con - fess ..... I love him still.

*ritard*

*ritard*

A brisk young sailor courted me,  
 He stole away my liberty,  
 He stole my heart with my free good-will,  
 I must confess I love him still.

There is an ale house in this town,  
 Where my love goes and sits him down,  
 He takes another girl on his knee,  
 Oh is not that a grief to me?

Oh, once I had no cause for woe,  
 My love followed me through frost and snow,  
 But ah, the changes time does bring,  
 My love passes by and says nothing.

I wish, I wish, but 'tis in vain,  
 I wish I were but free again,  
 But free again I'll never be,  
 Till apples grow on an orange tree.

There is a bird on yonder tree,  
 They say it's blind and cannot see,  
 I wish it had been the same with me,  
 Before my false love I did see.

# Jack Hall

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Moderato**

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'Moderato'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a melodic line in G major, marked *mf*, followed by a *p* section and a *poco rit.* section. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with sustained notes and moving lines.

*p*

Oh, my name it is Jack Hall, Chim - ney sweep, chim - ney

The first vocal entry is in 6/8 time, marked *p*. The melody is in G major. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords in the right hand and moving lines in the left hand.

*p* *ten.*

sweep. On, my name it is Jack Hall, Chim - ney sweep.

*ten.* *colla voce* *p poco rit.*

The second vocal entry continues the melody in 6/8 time. It includes a *ten.* (tenuto) marking and a *colla voce* section leading into a *p poco rit.* (piano poco ritardando) section.

*mf*

My name it is Jack Hall and I've robbed from great and

The third vocal entry is in 6/8 time, marked *mf*. The melody continues with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support.



small,..... And now I pay for all, With my life, with my

life,..... And now I pay for all with my life.

Oh, my name it is Jack Hall,  
 Chimney sweep, chimney sweep.  
 Oh my name it is Jack Hall,  
 Chimney sweep.  
 My name it is Jack Hall  
 And I've robbed from great and small,  
 And now I pay for all  
 With my life.

Oh, I furnished all my rooms,  
 That's no joke, that's no joke,  
 Oh, I furnished all my rooms,  
 That's no joke.  
 I furnished all my rooms  
 With black brushes and birch brooms,  
 Beside a chimney pot  
 Which I stole.

I sold candles in the jail  
 Short o' weight, short o' weight,  
 I sold candles in the jail  
 Short o' weight.  
 The candles which I sold  
 Now do light me to the hold  
 Where I lie in fetters cold  
 Till I die.

And I go up Holborn Hill  
 In a cart, in a cart,  
 And I go up Holborn Hill  
 In a cart.  
 I go up Holborn Hill,  
 At St. Giles drink my fill,  
 And at Tyburn turnpike  
 There we part.

Jack Hall was a notorious burglar. He was sold when a child to a chimney sweep for a guinea, and executed in the first year of the 18th century. In the fifties of the last century a singer named Ross sang a version of the above named "Sam Hall," but with a very blasphemous chorus. This drew a big audience of a certain kind.

# Green Bushes

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Moderato**

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

*espress.*

*poco rit.*

*As*

*ped.*

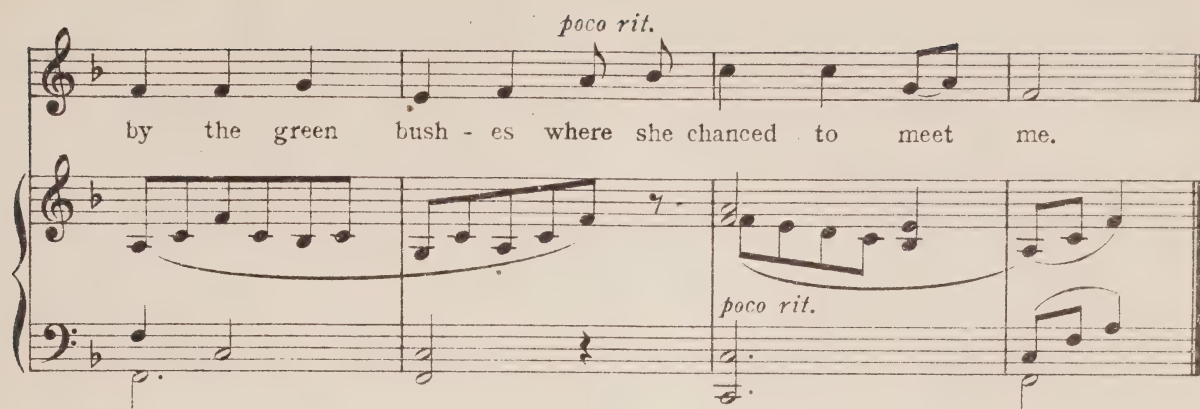
*sempre col ped.*

I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in May,..... To

hear the birds whis - tle and see the lambs play; I.....

spied a young dam - sel, so sweet - ly sang she, Down

*\**



As I was a-walking one morning in May,  
 To hear the birds whistle and see the lambs play;  
 I spied a young damsel, so sweetly sang she,  
 Down by the green bushes where she chanced to meet me.

I stepped up to her and thus I did say,  
 "How far are you going to wander this way?"  
 "I'm in search of my true love," the damsel said she,  
 "Down by the green bushes, where he vowed to meet me."

"I'll buy you fine beavers and fine silken gowns,  
 I'll buy you fine petticoats, flounced down to the ground,  
 If you will prove loyal and constant to me,  
 Forsake your own true love and marry with me."

"I want not your beavers, nor none of your hose,  
 I am not so poor as to marry for clothes,  
 But if you'll prove constant and true unto me,  
 I'll forsake my own true love and marry with thee!"

"Come, let us be going, kind sir, if you please,  
 Come, let us be going from under these trees,  
 For yonder he's coming, my true love I see,  
 Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to meet me!"

But when he got there, and found she was gone,  
 He stood like a lambkin that was all forlorn,  
 "She's gone with some other and forsaken me,  
 Adieu the green bushes for ever," said he.

"I'll be like some schoolboys, my time spent in play,  
 I'll never again be led foolish away,  
 And false-hearted girls shall deceive me no more,  
 Adieu the green bushes — it's time to give o'er."



# The Gallant Hussar

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

*mp*

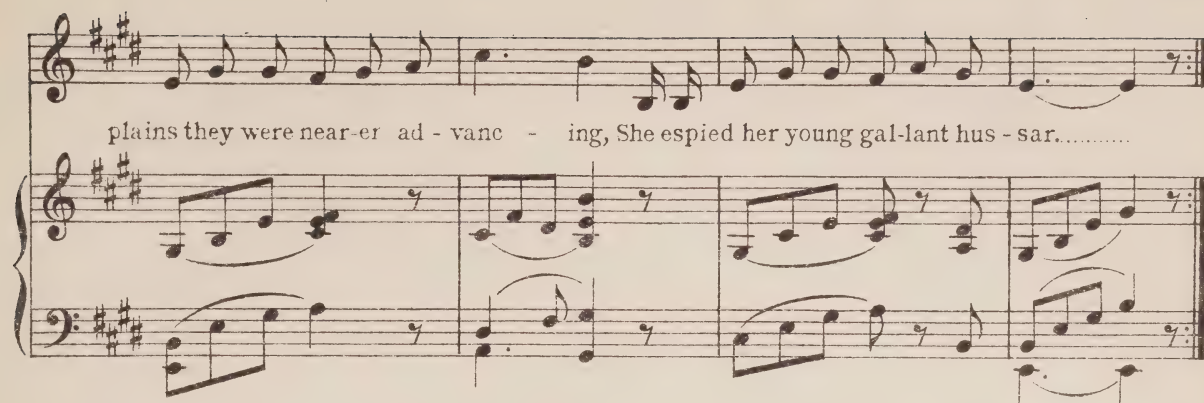
A

damsel possessed of great beau - ty, She stood by her own fa - ther's gate,..... The

*sempre con pedale*

gallant hussars were on du - ty, To view them this maiden did wait..... Their

horses were capering and prancing Their accoutrements shone like a star,..... From the



A damsel possessed of great beauty,  
 She stood by her own father's gate,  
 The gallant hussars were on duty,  
 To view them this maiden did wait.

Their horses were capering and prancing,  
 Their accoutrements shone like a star,  
 From the plains they were nearer advancing,  
 She espied her young gallant Hussar.

Their pelisses were slung o'er their shoulders,  
 So careless they seem'd for to ride;  
 So warlike appear'd those young soldiers,  
 With glittering swords by their sides.

To the barracks next morning so early,  
 This damsel she went in her car,  
 Because that she loved him sincerely,  
 Young Edward the gallant Hussar.

Said Edward, "Your friends you must mind them  
 Or else you're for ever undone,  
 They will leave you no portion behind them,  
 So pray do my company shun.

She said, "If you will be true-hearted,  
 I have gold of my uncle's in store,  
 From this time we'll never be parted,  
 I will wed with my gallant Hussar."

As he gaz'd on each beautiful feature,  
 The tears they did fall from each eye,  
 "I will wed with this beautiful creature,  
 To forsake cruel war," he did cry.

So now they're united together,  
 Friends think of them now they're afar,  
 Crying, "Heaven bless them now they're mated,  
 Young Jane and her gallant Hussar."

# The Warbling Waggoner

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Cheerfully**

VOICE *mf* When first I went a-wag-gon-ing, A -

PIANO *mf*

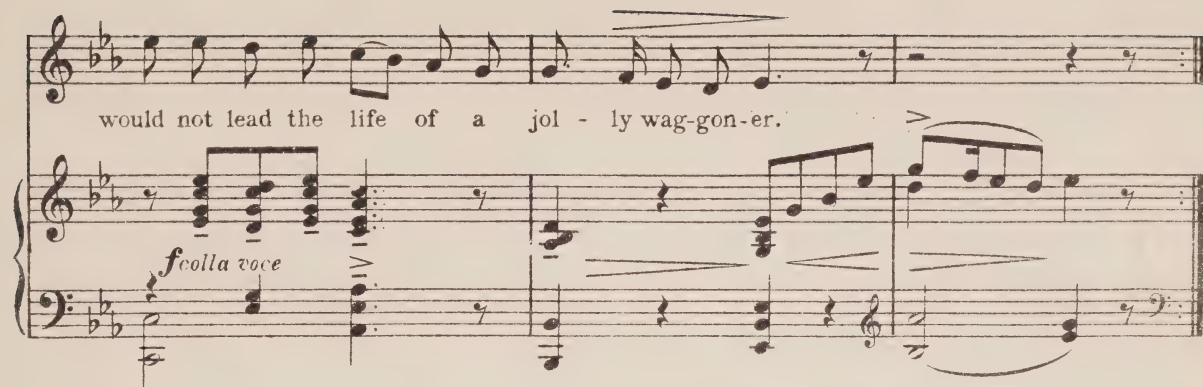
wag-gon - ing did go, I filled my par - ent's hearts Full of

sor-row, grief and woe. And ma - ny were the hardships That I did un - der - go, Sing

*cresc.* woa, my lads, sing woa, Drive on my lads I. O; Who

*f poco largam.*





When first I went a-waggoning,  
 A-waggoning did go,  
 I filled my parent's hearts  
 Full of sorrow, grief and woe.  
 And many were the hardships  
 That I did undergo.  
 Sing woa my lads, sing woa,  
 Drive on my lads I.O;  
 Who would not lead the life of a jolly waggoner.

It is a dark and stormy night,  
 And I'm wet to the skin,  
 But I'll bear it with contentment,  
 Till I get to the Inn.  
 And there I will sit drinking  
 With the landlord and his friends.  
 Sing woa my lads, sing woa,  
 Drive on my lads I.O;  
 Who would not lead the life of a jolly waggoner.

Now summer is a-coming,  
 And what pleasures we shall see.  
 The small birds they are singing,  
 High up on every tree.  
 The blackbirds and the thrushes  
 Are whistling in the grove.  
 Sing woa my lads, sing woa,  
 Drive on my lads I.O;  
 Who would not lead the life of a jolly waggoner.

When Michaelmas has come to us,  
 What pleasure we shall find.  
 I will make the gold to fly boys,  
 Like chaff before the wind,  
 And every lad will take his lass,  
 To sit upon his knee.  
 Sing woa my lads, sing woa,  
 Drive on my lads I.O;  
 Who would not lead the life of a jolly waggoner.

# My Johnny was a Shoemaker

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Moderato (not too slow)

VOICE

PIANO

*ten* My John-ny was a shoe-mak - er, And

*f con espressione e sostenuto* *ten* *p*

*ten* dear - ly he loved me; My John-ny was a shoe - mak - er, But

now he's gone to sea, With nas - ty tar to soil his hands, And

*espress* sail a-cross the bri - ny sea, My John-ny was a shoe-mak -

*colla voce*

*Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *col Ped.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato (not too slow)'. The score consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the voice entering with the lyrics 'My John-ny was a shoe-mak - er, And'. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and moving lines, with performance markings including 'f con espressione e sostenuto', 'ten' (tension), and 'p' (piano). The second system continues the voice part with 'dear - ly he loved me; My John-ny was a shoe - mak - er, But'. The piano part continues with similar accompaniment. The third system shows the voice part with 'now he's gone to sea, With nas - ty tar to soil his hands, And'. The piano part continues. The fourth system shows the voice part with 'sail a-cross the bri - ny sea, My John-ny was a shoe-mak -'. The piano part continues. Various performance markings are present throughout, including 'Pien' (piano), 'espress' (expression), and 'colla voce' (with the voice). Pedal markings ('Ped.', 'col Ped.') are also present under the piano part.

The musical score is for the song 'My Johnny was a Shoemaker'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two main sections: 'Verses 1-3' and 'Last time'. The vocal line starts with the lyrics '- er.' and '2. His - er.'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *p* (piano), and articulation like *ten* (tenuto). There are also asterisks (\*) and 'Ped.' (pedal) markings on the piano part. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

My Johnny was a shoemaker,  
 And dearly he loved me;  
 My Johnny was a shoemaker,  
 But now he's gone to sea,  
 With nasty tar to soil his hands,  
 And sail across the briny sea.  
 My Johnny was a shoemaker.

His jacket was of deep sky blue  
 And curly was his hair,  
 His jacket was of deep sky blue,  
 It was I do declare.  
 To reef the topsails he has gone  
 To sail across the briny sea.  
 My Johnny was a shoemaker.

A Captain he'll be bye and bye,  
 With sword and spy-glass too;  
 A Captain he'll be bye and bye,  
 With a brave and gallant crew.  
 And when he gets a ship of his own  
 He'll come back and marry me.  
 My Johnny was a shoemaker.

And when I am a Captain's wife  
 I'll sing the whole day long;  
 Yes when I am a Captain's wife  
 And this will be my song,  
 May peace and plenty bless our days  
 And the little ones on my knee.  
 My Johnny was a shoemaker.



# The Yorkshire Farmer

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

*Allegretto (not too slow)*

VOICE

PIANO

*mf*

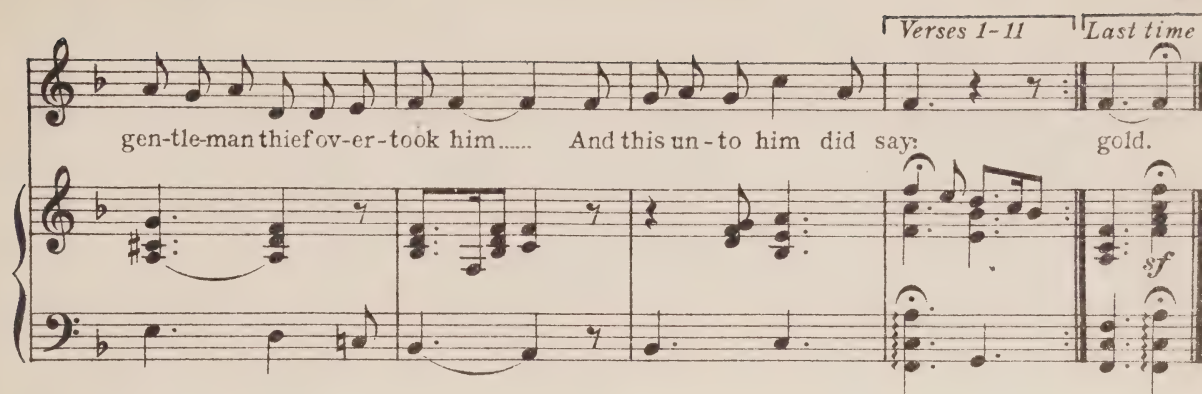
*mf*

*mf*

song I will sing un - to you,..... A song of a mer-ry in - tent,..... It

is of a sil - ly old man,..... Who went for to pay his rent,..... As

he was a ri - ding a - long..... A ri - ding a-long the high - way,..... A



A song I will sing unto you,  
A song of a merry intent,  
It is of a silly old man  
Who went for to pay his rent.

As he was a-riding along,  
A-riding along the highway,  
A gentleman thief overtook him  
And this unto him did say:

"How far are you going on this way?"  
It made the old man for to smile,  
"To tell you the truth kind Sir  
I just am a-going two mile.

"I'm but a poor silly old man  
Who farms a good piece of ground,  
My half years rent, kind Sir,  
It just comes to forty odd pound.

"But oh never mind," said the farmer,  
"I do not fear thieves on my side,  
My money is put in two bags,  
And hid in the saddle I ride.

As they were riding along,  
A-riding all down a steep gyll,  
The thief pulled out a pistol  
And bade the old man stand still.

The old man was crafty and false,  
As in this wide world there are many,  
His saddle he threw over t' hedge,  
Said, "Fetch it if thou wilt have any."

The thief he got off his brown horse,  
His courage was stout and was bold,  
To search for the farmer's two bags,  
He gave him his horse to hold.

The farmer put foot in the stirrup,  
When once he had got him astride  
He set the thief's horse in a gallop,  
You need not have bid him to ride.

The thief he was not content,  
He thought he must have the two bags,  
So he took out his rusty old sword,  
And chopped the old saddle to rags.

The old man he galloped and rode  
Until he was almost quite spent,  
He came to his landlord's great house,  
And paid him his half year's rent.

The rogue's portmantle he opened,  
It was most glorious for to behold,  
There was five hundred pounds in white money,  
And other five hundred in gold.

# The cottage well thatched with straw

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Andantino

VOICE

In the days of yore, he sat at his door, An old farmer, and thus quoth he, ..... "With my

PIANO

*ped.* \* *ped.* \*

pipe and my glass I wish all the world Were just as happy as me..... I en-vy no being that

ev-er I've seen, Nor the richest that ev-er I saw..... With my home brewed, brown bread, And my

*rit.*

cottage well thatch'd with straw..... And my cottage well thatch'd with straw, And my

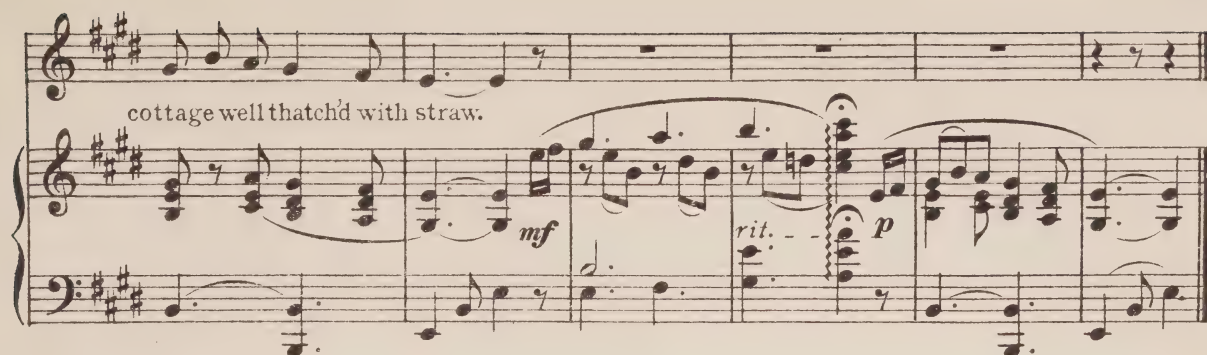
cot-tage well thatch'd with straw, With my home brewed, brown bread, And my

*poco rit. - ten.*

*ten.*

*poco rit. - ten.*





In the days of yore, he sat at his door,  
 An old farmer, and thus quoth he,  
 "With my pipe and my glass I wish all the world  
 Were just as happy as me.  
 I envy no being that ever I've seen,  
 Nor the richest that ever I saw,  
 With my home brewed, brown bread,  
 And my cottage well thatched with straw.

*Chorus.* And my cottage well thatched with straw,  
 And my cottage well thatched with straw,  
 With my home brewed, brown bread,  
 And my cottage well thatched with straw.

Neither ragged nor poor I drive from my door,  
 I give them a crust of my brown,  
 Likewise a drain of my home brewed beer,  
 To wash all their sad sorrows down.  
 My neighbours are friends, no quarrels have I,  
 So safely I keep from the law,  
 I've home brewed, brown bread,  
 And my cottage well thatched with straw.

*Chorus.* And my cottage, &c.

'Twas my father who got this neat little cot,  
 And I'll tell you the reason now,  
 He was honest and true and that you must do  
 If you want to be trusted, I trow.  
 Said my worthy old Dad, "Take this money, my lad,  
 Mind you keep from the usurer's claw,  
 With your home brewed, brown bread,  
 And your cottage well thatched with straw."

*Chorus.* And my cottage, &c.

And so I sit at my door, neither wealthy nor poor,  
 And chat with my neighbours who call,  
 There's a glass of good ale I never do fail  
 To give welcome to one and to all.  
 There is wheat in my stack for I never do lack  
 Twenty loads from the fields for to draw,  
 I've home brewed, brown bread,  
 And my cottage well thatched with straw.

*Chorus.* And my cottage, &c.

# The Shamrock Shore

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

*Andante con espressione*

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

Fare - well, dear Er - in's

*p*

*rit.*

*col Ted.*

na - tive isle, For here I can - not stay, As I

do in - tend to cross the sea, Bound for A - mer - i - ca. To

*Ted.* \*

*Ted.*

*Ted.* \*

leave the land that gave me birth It grieves my heart full sore, Then

*ten.*

*rit.*

*ten.*

*Ted.* \*

*Ted.*

*Ted.*

*Ted.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "fare ye well, my lov - ing friends, A - round the Sham-rock Shore." The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one sharp. The tempo marking "poco rit." appears above the voice staff and below the piano staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Farewell dear Erin's native isle,  
 For here I cannot stay,  
 As I do intend to cross the sea,  
 Bound for America.  
 To leave the land that gave me birth  
 It grieves my heart full sore,  
 Then fare ye well, my loving friends,  
 Around the Shamrock Shore.

Our ship she lies at anchor, boys,  
 Now ready for to sail  
 May heaven send the vessel safe  
 With sweet and pleasant gale.  
 And when I'm on the ocean, boys,  
 You'll all be in my mind,  
 Then fare ye well, old Ireland,  
 And all I've left behind.

The tears roll freely from my eyes,  
 My heart's oppressed with woe,  
 To think I leave old Erin's isle  
 And am compelled to go.  
 So all ye friends be not afraid  
 I'll do what e'er I can.  
 And looking round I waved my hand  
 Adieu old Ireland.



# We are jolly fellows that follow the plough

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Lively**

VOICE

PIANO

*mf*

*sf*

*mf*

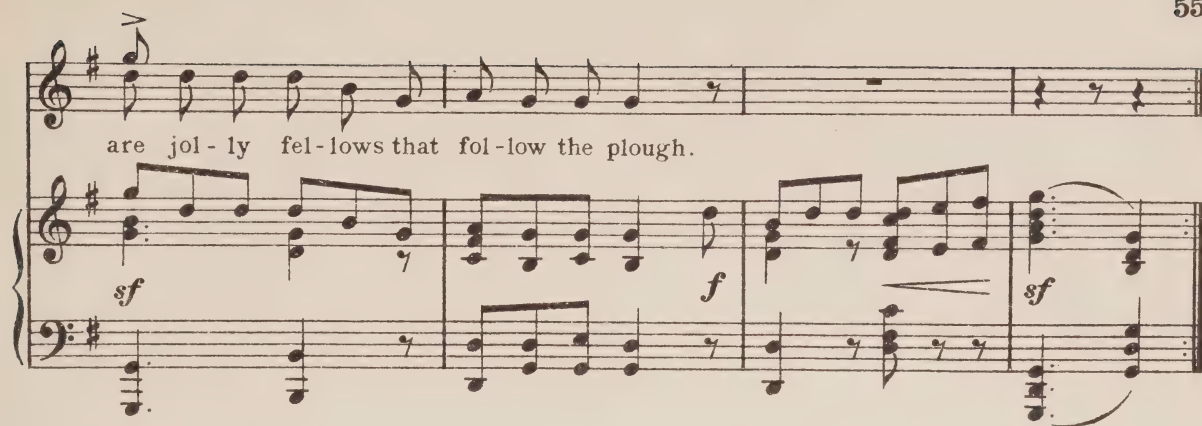
*f*

At four in the morning we rouse from our slumbers, And then to the sta - ble we

merri-ly go, We cur-ry our hors-es, they stand in great numbers, We are jol-ly fellows that

fol-low the plough. That fol-low the plough, That fol low the plough, We

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The piano part starts with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both marked *mf*. The voice part enters with a single note. The piano part continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both marked *mf*. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'At four in the morning we rouse from our slumbers, And then to the sta - ble we'. The piano part continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both marked *mf*. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'merri-ly go, We cur-ry our hors-es, they stand in great numbers, We are jol-ly fellows that'. The piano part continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both marked *f*. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'fol-low the plough. That fol-low the plough, That fol low the plough, We'. The piano part continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both marked *f*.



At four in the morning we rouse from our slumbers,  
 And then to the stable we merrily go;  
 We curry our horses, they stand in great numbers,  
 We are jolly fellows that follow the plough.  
*Chorus* That follow the plough  
 That follow the plough  
 We are jolly fellows that follow the plough.

When six o'clock comes then breakfast is ready,  
 And welcome it is, I certainly vow,  
 We bacon and bread eat and go at it steady,  
 For we're jolly fellows that follow the plough.  
*Chorus* That follow, &c.

We harness our horses and go to the fields then,  
 And plough our deep furrows all in a straight row;  
 A plentiful harvest in time they will yield then,  
 All thanks to the fellows that follow the plough.  
*Chorus* That follow, &c.

When wheat has sprung rarely and acres of barley,  
 Our master's red face is all in a bright glow,  
 "You've done your work well, boys, it's easy to tell,  
 You are jolly fellows that follow the plough.  
*Chorus* That follow, &c.

And when in the evening we've finished our labours,  
 Then here in the alehouse our pipes are lit now;  
 With mugs full of ale we pledge all our neighbours,  
 For they're jolly fellows that follow the plough.  
*Chorus* That follow, &c.

# The Banks of Sweet Primroses

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Poco andante

VOICE

PIANO

*mf*

*p*

*espress e rit.*

*p*

As I walked out one sum-mer morn-ing To view the fields and to

*p sosten.*

take the air. Down by the banks of the sweet primro - ses, There I be -

*dim.*

- held a love - ly fair.

*dim.*

*espress e rit.*



As I walked out one summer morning  
 To view the fields and to take the air,  
 Down by the banks of the sweet primroses,  
 There I beheld a lovely fair.

I said "Fair maid where do you wander,  
 What is the cause of all your grief?  
 I'll make you as happy as any lady,  
 And I will grant you great relief."

"Stand off, stand off you're quite deceitful,  
 You've been a false young man 'tis plain;  
 'Tis you that caused my heart to wander  
 And been the cause of all my pain."

"I'll go down to some lonesome valley,  
 No man on earth shall e'er me find,  
 Where pretty birds shall cease their voices,  
 And boist'rous shall be every wind."

Come all young men that go a-courting,  
 Pray pay attention to what I say;  
 There's many a dark and cloudy morning  
 Turns out to be a sunshiny day.

# The Queen of May

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

*Allegretto*

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

When the win-ter is gone and the sum-mer is come The mead-ows are pleas-ant and

gay,..... The lark in the morn-ing, so sweet-ly she sings, And the small birds are in each green

spray,..... Young Ro-ger the plough-boy is fresh as a rose, He cheer-ful-ly sings at his

plough;.... The blackbirds and thrushes sing in the green grove, And the dairy maid milks the sleek

1st, 2nd & 3rd verses 4th verse

COW..... May.....

When the winter is gone and summer is come  
 The meadows are pleasant and gay,  
 The lark in the morning so sweetly she sings,  
 And the small birds are on each green spray.  
 Young Roger the ploughboy is fresh as a rose,  
 He cheerfully sings at his plough.  
 The blackbirds' and thrushes sing in the green grove,  
 And the dairy maid milks her sleek cow.

As I walked through the fields to take the fresh air  
 The flowers were blooming and gay.  
 I heard a young damsel come singing along,  
 And her cheeks were like blossoms in May.  
 I said, "Pretty maid, why do you come here  
 In the meadow this morning so soon?"  
 The maid she replied, "To gather some May,  
 For the trees they are all in full bloom."

I said, "Pretty maid, may I go with you,  
 To help you to gather your May?"  
 But the maid she replied, "I must be excused,  
 For I fear you will lead me astray."  
 Then took I this maid by the lily-white hand,  
 On a green mossy bank we sat down,  
 I planted a kiss on her sweet rosy lips,  
 And the small birds were singing around.

And when we arose from the green mossy bank,  
 Through the meadows we wandered away,  
 I placed my fair love on a primrose bank,  
 And plucked her a handful of May.  
 I put a small sprig on her snowy white breast,  
 She smiled and she looked up so gay,  
 The very next morning I made her my bride,  
 And they crowned her the sweet Queen of May.



# Turpin Hero

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Boldly**

VOICE *mf*  
It's bold Tur-pin he - ro

PIANO *f* *rit.* *sf* *mf*  
is my name, And I from Dub - lin Ci - ty came, It is my sleight and

*cresc.* *f*  
nim-ble hand That caused me to for sake my land, And it's O rare

*ff largamente* *rit.*  
Tur - pin he - ro, For I am the bold young Tur - pin O.

*ff largamente* *rit.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the voice entering with a half note rest followed by a melodic phrase, while the piano provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal melody with lyrics. The third system features a crescendo in both parts, leading to a forte section. The fourth system is marked 'ff largamente' and 'rit.', indicating a slow, powerful conclusion. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, supporting the vocal melody.

It's bold Turpin hero is my name,  
 And I from Dublin city came,  
 It is my sleight and nimble hand  
 That caused me to forsake my land.  
 And it's O rare Turpin hero,  
 For I am the bold young Turpin O.

As I crossed over Hounslow Moor  
 I saw a lawyer riding before.  
 I rode to him and thus did say,  
 "Have you seen Turpin on this way?"  
 And it's O rare Turpin hero,  
 For I am the bold young Turpin O.

Then Turpin being so very cute,  
 "I've hid my money in my boot."  
 "Faith," said the lawyer, "none shall find,  
 For I'll hide mine in my cape behind."  
 And it's O rare Turpin hero,  
 For I am the bold young Turpin O.

They rode till they came to the powder mill,  
 When he bid the lawyer to stand still,  
 "That cape of yours you must leave off,  
 My mare she want a saddle cloth."  
 And it's O rare Turpin hero,  
 For I am the bold young Turpin O.

'O now I've robbed you of your store,  
 You may go to law and rob some more,  
 And if my name in question bring,  
 You may say you've been robbed by bold Turpin.  
 And it's O rare Turpin hero,  
 For I am the bold young Turpin O.

# The Deserter

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON.

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Rather slow

VOICE

PIANO

*f sostenuto*

*rit.*

*sf*

*p*

When

first I de - sert - ed I thought my - self free, Un -

- til my false com - rade in - form - ed on me; They

fol - lowed me quick - ly and brought me to doom, Hea - vy

*slen.*

*slen.*





When first I deserted I thought myself free,  
 Until my false comrade informéd on me;  
 They followed me quickly and brought me to doom,  
 Heavy ironed and handcuffed within the guard-room.

Court martial, court martial they held upon me,  
 And sentenced me lashes three hundred and three.  
 No mercy, no mercy they showed upon me,  
 The soldier's stern duty lies heavy on me.

When next I deserted I thought I was free,  
 Until my false sweetheart informéd on me.  
 They sentenced me quickly, I was to be shot,  
 No pardon, no pardon was then to be got.

Then up drove King George in his carriage and six,  
 "Bring out your bold prisoner whose doom it is fixed.  
 Release him, release him and let him go free,  
 For he'll make a gallant soldier for his King and country!"

# Ground for the floor

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Moderato**

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

*p*

I lived in a wood for a

num-ber of years, My dog drove all sor-row, my gundrove all fears. I've a

neat lit-tle cot-tage and the roof is se-ure, If you look un-derneath it you'll find

ground for the floor. *f* Ground for the floor, ground for the floor, If you

look un - der - neath it you'll find ground for the floor.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano part features chords and single notes, with some measures marked with a '7' indicating a seventh chord or a specific fingering. The score ends with a double bar line.

I lived in a wood for a number of years,  
 My dog drove all sorrow, my gun drove all fears.  
 I've a neat little cottage and the roof is secure,  
 If you look underneath it you'll find ground for the floor.

Ground for the floor, ground for the floor,  
 If you look underneath it you'll find ground for the floor.

My cot is surrounded by green leafy trees,  
 And pleasant the hum from the straw hive of bees.  
 My purse holds a guinea and I've got plenty more,  
 I've a neat little cottage but ground for the floor.

Ground for the floor, &c.

My bed's made of straw when I want to repose,  
 And shabby though neat is my one suit of clothes.  
 My Dad left me riches piled up in great store,  
 My neat little cottage has ground for the floor.

Ground for the floor, &c.

My wants are but simple, I've honey and milk,  
 I'm happy as those who dress fine in silk.  
 Though I haven't their riches surely I am not poor,  
 I've a neat little cottage with ground for the floor.

Ground for the floor, &c.



# Three Pretty Maids

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Andante

VOICE

PIANO

*p* *espress.* *poco rit.* *p*

col ped.

1. Twas three pret-ty maids walk'd  
passing came a youth who  
rose is dain-ty white And the

out one af - ter - noon, A - gath - er - ing ro - ses, for  
took her by the hand And kiss'd her pret - ty mouth as to -  
rose is dain - ty red, But if too rude - ly hand-led its

they were in full bloom, And one, she pluck'd so ma - ny flow'rs be -  
- geth - er they did stand, With trus - ting eyes she look'd at him and  
beau - ty soon is fled, For its sweet-ness pass - es from it and its

*colla voce*

- fore she did re - turn, That she car - ried home an ap - ron full of  
at his bold de - mand She gave him all the ro - ses she had  
leaves are quick - ly shed, And then, a - las, there's no - thing but the

*colla voce*

*Ped.* \*

*1st and 2nd Verses* *3rd Verse*

ro - ses. 2. And  
ga - thered. 3. Oh, the thorn left.

*espress. rit.*

'Twas three pretty maids walk'd out one afternoon,  
A'gathering roses, for they were in full bloom;  
And one she plucked so many flowers before she did return,  
That she carried home an apron full of roses.

And passing came a youth who took her by the hand,  
And kissed her pretty mouth as together they did stand,  
With trusting eyes she looked on him and at his bold demand  
She gave him all the roses she had gathered.

Oh the rose is dainty white, and the rose is dainty red,  
But if too rudely handled its beauty soon is fled,  
For its sweetness passes from it and its leaves are quickly shed,  
And then, alas, there's nothing but the thorn left.

# Drink Old England Dry

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON.

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

*Alla marcia*

VOICE

PIANO

*f*

*mf*

*sf poco rit.*

*mf*

*f*

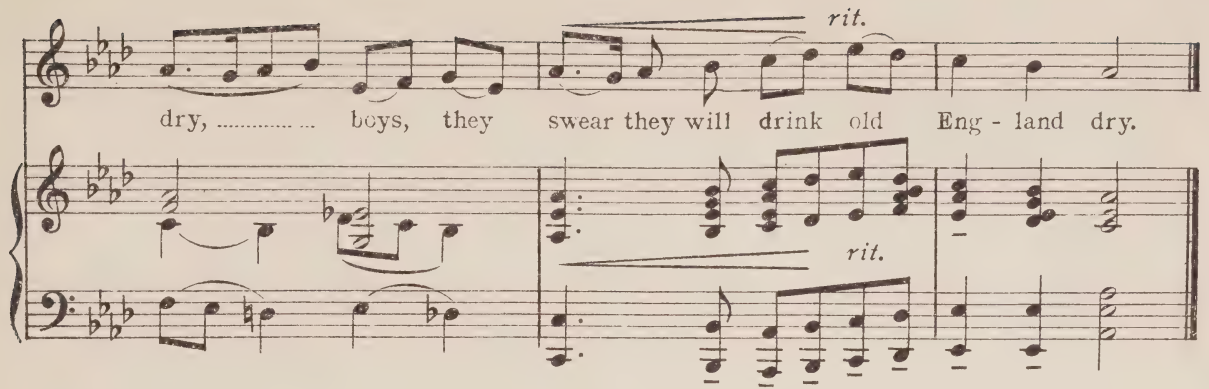
Come,

drink, my brave boys, and ne - ver give o'er, Come, drink up your cares, as I

told you be - fore. The French they are com - ing their fortune for to try And

swear they will drink Old Eng - land dry. Dry, boys,





Come drink my brave boys and never give o'er,  
 Come drink up your cares as I told you before.  
 The French they are coming their fortune for to try,  
 And swear they will drink Old England dry,  
 Dry, boys, dry, they swear they will drink Old England dry.

Then up starts an Officer of credit and renown,  
 Who swore he would fight for his country and the Crown.  
 The cannon they shall rattle and the bullets they shall fly,  
 Before that they shall drink Old England dry,  
 Dry, boys, dry, before they shall drink Old England dry.

If we chance for to meet them with their ships upon the seas,  
 I'll warrant you my boys they shall have but little ease.  
 For we'll take them or sink them or cause them to fly,  
 Before they shall come to drink Old England dry,  
 Dry, boys, dry, before they shall drink Old England dry.

Old England is loyal as well we understand,  
 We have raised the bold Militia as well as the train band.  
 With a strong resolution King George to stand by,  
 Before they shall come to drink Old England dry,  
 Dry, boys, dry, before they shall drink Old England dry.

So here's a good health to the Church and King and Crown,  
 And all loyal subjects that pull the French men down.  
 King George's loyal subjects will fight until they die,  
 Before they shall drink Old England dry,  
 Dry, boys, dry, before they shall drink Old England dry.

# Tobacco

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

VOICE

PIANO

Seriously and rather slow

*p*

To -

- bac - co is an In - dian weed, Grows green in 'the morn, is

*p*

cut down at eve. It shows our de - cay, We come from the clay, Think of

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

this when you smoke to - bac - co!

*poco rit.*

*p*

*ritard.*

Tobacco is an Indian weed,  
 Grows green in the morn, is cut down at eve.  
     It shows our decay,  
     We come from the clay,  
 Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily-white,  
 In which most men take great delight,  
     Is broke with a touch,  
     Man's life is such,  
 Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within,  
 It shows mens souls are stained with sin,  
     For it doth require,  
     To be cleansed with fire,  
 Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The smoke that from the pipe doth fly,  
 Shows that we're naught but vanity,  
     It's gone with a puff,  
     Mens lives are such,  
 Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The dust that from the pipe doth fall,  
 It shows we're naught but dust at all,  
     We came from the dust,  
     Return we must,  
 Think of this when you smoke tobacco.



## The Golden Vanity

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Moderato (*Tempo and expression to be adapted to the sense of the verses*)

moderate (Tempo and Expression)

VOICE

Oh, I have got a ship in the

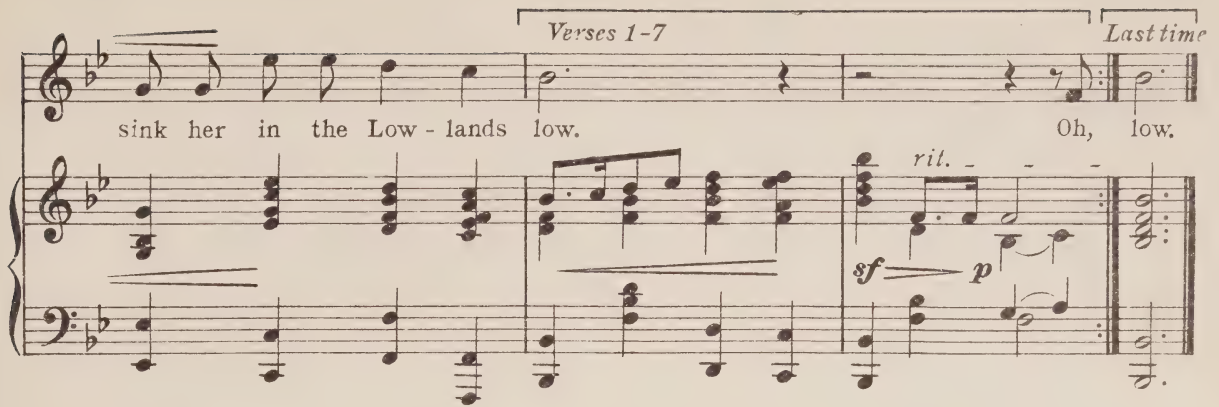
PIANO

*mf* boldly *cres. ritard.*

North Coun - try, She goes by the name of the Gold - en Van - it - y; I,

fear she will be ta'en by a Spanish Gal - ley And they'll sink her in the Low-lands,

Musical score for "The Lowlands" by Robert Schumann. The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats), and consists of two systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and the beginning of the piano accompaniment. The second system continues both parts. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "Low - lands, In the Low - lands, in the Low - lands, And they'll". The piano part features a prominent triplet figure in the right hand and a more active bass line. Performance markings include *cresc.*, *poco largam.*, and *sf*. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



Oh, I have got a ship in the North Country,  
 She goes by the name of the Golden Vanity,  
 I fear she will be ta'en by a Spanish Galley,  
 And they'll sink her in the Lowlands, Lowlands,  
     In the Lowlands, in the Lowlands,  
 And they'll sink her in the Lowlands low.

Oh, then up and starts our little cabin boy,  
 "What will you give me if I the ship destroy?"  
 "Oh I will give you silver and I will give you gold,  
 If you'll sink her in the Lowlands low."

Undaunted and bold, away the boy jumped in,  
 The boy bent his breast and most gallantly did swim,  
 He swam till he came to the Spanish Galley  
 As she lay in the Lowlands low.

The boy had an auger that bored two holes at once,  
 Some were playing cards and some were playing dice,  
 He let in the water and it dazzled in their eyes,  
 And he sunk them in the Lowlands low.

The boy bent his breast and to the ship he swam  
 Saying, "Master, take me up or surely drowned I am,  
 For I have effected their total overthrow  
 And I've sunk them in the Lowlands low."

"I'll not take you up," the cruel captain cried,  
 "I will not take you up, you may go down with the tide,  
 I will kill you, I will shoot you, ere you shall come on board,  
 I will sink you in the Lowlands low."

The boy then he swam all on the starboard side,  
 Until his strength it failed, and bitterly he cried,  
 Saying, "Messmates, take me up or surely I'll be slain,  
 For I've sunk them in the Lowlands low."

His Messmates took him up, but on the deck he died.  
 Oh then they sewed him up into an old cow's hide,  
 And overboard they threw him to go down with the tide,  
 And they sunk him in the Lowlands low.

The above ballad is a favourite with sailors, and it has many different tunes. It is founded on a 17th century ballad with the following title: "Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Lowlands, showing how the famous ship called the Sweet Trinity was taken by a false galley, and how it was restored by the craft of a little sea boy, who sunk the galley, as the following song will declare, to the tune "The sailing in the Lowlands:"

# Barbara Allen

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Andantino

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

*p* *espress*

*poco rit*

In

Read-ing town there I was born, In Scot-land was my dwel-ling; I

*p*

court-ed there a pret-ty maid, Her name was Bar - b'ra Al - len. I

court - ed her for months and years, Think-ing that I should gain her; And



oft I vowed and did de-clare, No oth-er man should have her.

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

*D.S.*

In Reading town there I was born,  
In Scotland was my dwelling;  
I courted there a pretty maid,  
Her name was Barbara Allen.

He put his hand right out of bed,  
Thinking to draw her nigh him.  
She whipped her heels, away she ran,  
And straightway she passed him by.

I courted her for months and years,  
Thinking that I should gain her;  
And oft I vowed and did declare,  
No other man should have her.

He turned his face unto the wall  
And death came slowly to him,  
Adieu, adieu, to all my friends  
Farewell to Barbara Allen.

I sent a man to yonder town,  
To ask for Barbara Allen;  
"You must come to my master's house,  
If you be Barbara Allen."

And as she walked across the field  
And heard his death bell tolling,  
And every toll, it seemed to say,  
Hard hearted Barbara Allen.

So slowly she put on her clothes,  
So slowly she came to him;  
And when she came to his bedside,  
"Young man," she said "You're dying."

Oh mother dear, make me my bed.  
And make it for my sorrow,  
A young man died for me to-day,  
I'll die for him to-morrow.

"If you look under my pillow,  
You'll find a napkin lying,  
And it is soaked with my heart's blood,  
For love of Barbara Allen."

So he did die on one good day,  
And she died on the morrow,  
Oh, he did die for love of her,  
And she did die for sorrow.

# The Peelers and the Pig

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Lively (the tempo to be adapted to the humour of the verses)

VOICE

PIANO

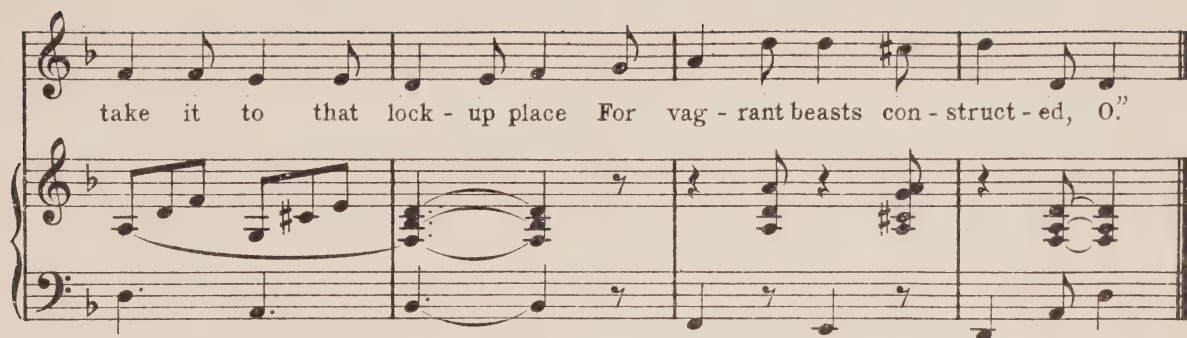
The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Lively' with a note to adapt it to the humour of the verses. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are as follows:

bunch of peel-ers went out one day On du - ty for pa - trol - ling, O. A

pig they met up - on the way That on the road was roll - ing, O. Says

one "This is the clear - est case, This pig's the road ob - struct - ed, O. Let's

Performance notes include *p sempre colla voce* for the piano accompaniment and *ten.* (tenor) markings above the voice staff in the second and third systems.



A bunch of peelers went out one day  
 On duty for patrolling, O.  
 A pig they met upon the way  
 That on the road was rolling, O.  
 Says one "This is the clearest case  
 This pig's the road obstructed, O.  
 Let's take it to that lock-up place  
 For vagrant beasts constructed, O."

The pig roamed up and down the street  
 With ears erected saliently,  
 Upon the beast with silent feet  
 They all advanced most valiantly.  
 "Move on!" in solemn tones they cried,  
 "Your habitation is the sty,  
 Your occupation to provide  
 The rasher and the porcine pie."

With many a loud insulting grunt  
 The laws coercion it defied,  
 In following the piggish hunt  
 The peelers' legs were sorely tried.  
 At last at Murphy's yard it paused  
 And thought to join its usual sty,  
 A fatal pause - for thus it caused  
 Its capture with a joyful cry.

And so this very wicked swine  
 Was led in a triumphant course,  
 And Murphy in default of fine  
 Surrenderd piggy to the Force.  
 And round the station's glowing grate  
 Each other's ribs in joy they dig,  
 And laugh with glee while they relate  
 Their triumph over Murphy's pig.

The lively air belongs to an old song called "The peelers and the goat," ridiculing the Irish Police when first established. Instead of the original song with its political allusions I have ventured to write the above retaining the first two original lines.



# Young Roger the Ploughboy

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

*Allegretto*

VOICE *mf* Young Ro - ger the

PIANO *mf* *rit.* *2*

(if basso marcato)

plough-boy a craft - y young swain, As he went a - whist - ling

ov - er the plain, He met black ey'd Su - san with cheeks cher - ry

*poco slen.*

*Red.* \*

red, And she was a - walk - ing a pail on her head.

*ten.* *rit.* *f* 1 - 4 verses

*a tempo* *rit.* *f* *f*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The piano part includes markings for 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'rit.' (ritardando), 'poco slen.' (poco slessando), 'a tempo', and 'f' (forte). The voice part includes 'mf' and 'f'. The lyrics are: 'Young Ro - ger the plough-boy a craft - y young swain, As he went a - whist - ling ov - er the plain, He met black ey'd Su - san with cheeks cher - ry red, And she was a - walk - ing a pail on her head.' There is a repeat sign with a double bar line and a '2' below it. There is also a section marked '1 - 4 verses'.



Young Roger the ploughboy a crafty young swain,  
 As he went a-whistling over the plain,  
 He met black ey'd Susan with cheeks cherry red,  
 And she was a-walking,-a pail on her head.

He said, "Lovely fair one, I've met you this time,  
 I've a question to ask if you'll not decline,  
 If you will to-morrow go off to the Fair,  
 I'll buy you a ribbon to tie up your hair."

"To touch me or tease me 'tis more than you dare,  
 I want not your ribbons to tie up my hair,"  
 At last pretty Susan, she gave her consent,  
 And off to the Fair they both of them went.

They walked and they rambled about the Fair ground,  
 And plenty of fun pretty Susan she found,  
 They'd much for to please them this happy young pair,  
 And he bought her a ribbon to tie up her hair.

This handsome young couple soon after were wed,  
 And Roger was kind to his Susan 'twas said,  
 They both of them laughed at the fun of the Fair  
 When he bought a ribbon to tie up her hair.

# George Ridler's Oven

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Moderato** (*not too slow*) ***p***

VOICE The

PIANO *mf* *sf* *p*

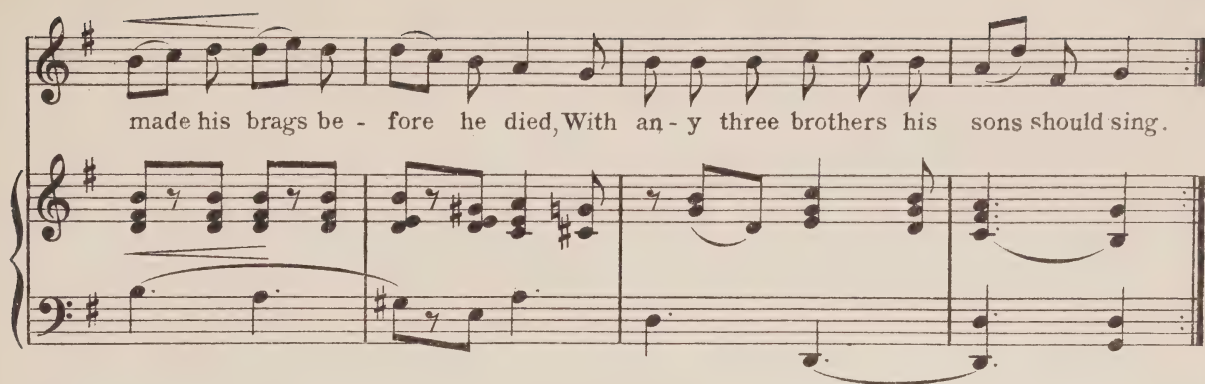
stones that built George Rid-ler's oven, Oh, they came from the Blakeney Quar, And

George he was a jol-ly old man, And his head did grow a - boon his hair. One

*colla voce*

thing of George Ridler I must commend, And that was for a no-ta-ble thing, He





The stones that built George Ridler's oven,  
 Oh they came from the Blakeney Quar,  
 And George he was a jolly old man,  
 And his head did grow aboon his hair.

One thing of George Ridler I must commend,  
 And that was for a notable thing,  
 He made his brags before he died,  
 With any three brothers his sons should sing.

There's Dick the treble and Jack the mean,  
 Let every man sing in his own place,  
 And George he was the eldest son  
 And therefore he would sing the bass.

My hostess' maid (they called her Nell)  
 A pretty wench and I loved her well,  
 I loved her well and the reason why,  
 Because she loved my dog and I.

My dog is good to catch a hen,  
 A duck or goose is food for men,  
 When they be sick and like to die,  
 O thither go my dog and I.

My mother told me when I was young  
 If I did follow the good ale pot,  
 That ale would prove my overthrow,  
 And I should wear a threadbare coat.

When I have three sixpences under my thumb,  
 Oh, I am welcome wherever I come,  
 But when I have none, oh, then I pass by,  
 'Tis poverty parts good company.

If I should die as it may hap,  
 My grave should be under the strong beer tap,  
 With folded arm there will I lie,  
 Cheek by jowl my dog and I.

The above quaint song is the famous Gloucestershire lyric which used to be sung at all festive functions and special occasions. It is still remembered in Gloucestershire and Berkshire. The above copy of the words are taken from a broadside printed at Bristol and dated 1777. The tune I have noted from a Gloucestershire singer. The five verses at the end are fragments of two 17th century ballads "My dog and I" and "Poverty parts good company" which are the songs the sons of George Ridler are supposed to sing.

# High Germany

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

*Andantino*

VOICE

O curs-éd be the wars, love, that

PIANO

*p*

*slen.*

*p*

*col Red.*

ev-er they be-gan, They've ridded our coun-try of many a bright young man; They've

*slen.*

*Red.*

*Red.*

\*

*espress*

robb'd me of my Jemmy, the lad so dear to me, And they've sent him to the wars that's in

*colla voce*

High Ger-man-y.

*rit espress dim.*

*Last time*

The musical score is for a song in G major (one sharp). The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo/mood is indicated as 'rit espress dim.' (rhythm, expressive, diminuendo). The piece ends with a 'Last time' bracket over the final measure.

O, cursèd be the wars love that ever they began,  
 They've ridded our country of many a bright young man,  
 They've robbed me of my Jemmy, the lad so dear to me,  
 And they've sent him to the wars that's in High Germany.

"O Polly love, O Polly now, the rout it is begun,  
 And we must haste away, for don't you hear the drum?  
 So dress yourself in all your best and go along with me,  
 And I'll take you to the war that's in High Germany.

"Oh, I'll buy you a horse, for my Polly she can ride,  
 And many a weary mile I will march all by your side,  
 We'll drink in every alehouse that ever we pass by,  
 And we'll travel very gaily, my Polly love and I

"O Polly, dearest Polly, pray give to me your hand,  
 And promise you will marry me when we reach old England."  
 "I'll give you my right hand, love, I will not married be,  
 Till you come back from the war that's in High Germany."



# Come all you roving bachelors

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

*mf*

Come


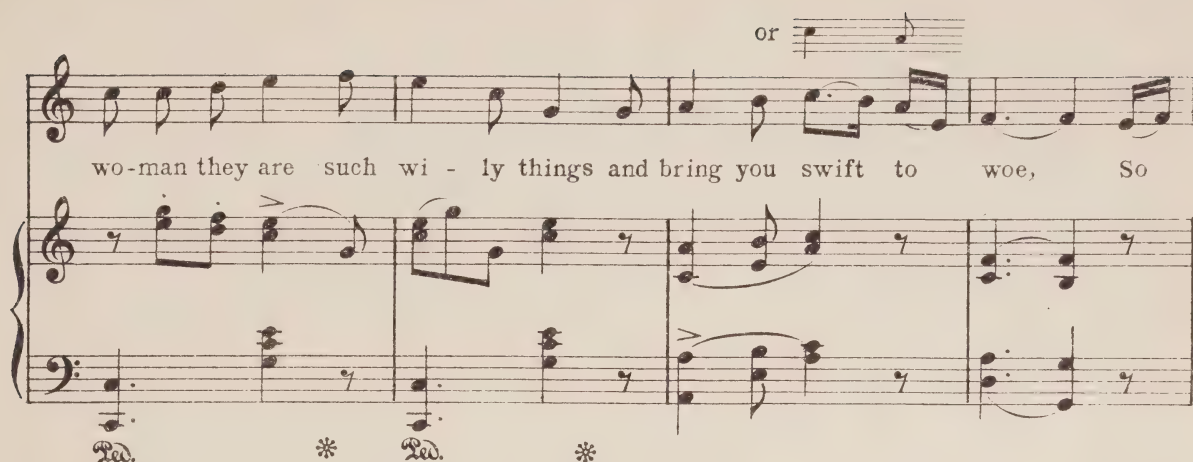
all you rov - ing bach - e - lers that want to take a wife,..... I'd

*mf*

*Ped.*

or

have you be most care - ful in chang - ing of your life;..... For

or 


wo-man they are such wi - ly things and bring you swift to woe, So



think well, all you bach - e - lors, be - fore you fur - ther go.....

*largam.*

*colla voce*

*sf*

Come all you roving bachelors that want to take a wife,  
 I'd have you be most careful in changing of your life;  
 For women they are such wily things they bring you swift to woe,  
 So think well all you bachelors before you further go.

Take my advice, be ruled by me, and single earn your bread,  
 For if by chance you've got a wife you'd better half be dead;  
 For she will let her tongue run on till you are nearly mad,  
 You'll think the day you married her the baddest of the bad.

There was a man all in a cart was going to be hanged,  
 There came a message from the King that caused the cart to stand:  
 If he would marry with a wife, oh then he should be free,  
 And he should never decorate the awful gallows tree.

He pondered long for life is dear to every one alive,  
 But bitter is the cup of him that foolish takes a wife;  
 "The bargain's hard I must admit I find it hard to part,  
 But a wife is not the remedy, so pray drive on the cart."

Arranged by  
**ALFRED MOFFAT**

**Lively**

PIANO

*f*

*rit.*

*p*

*mf*

There was an old man in the North Country, And his trade was the cutting of broom, green broom, There

*mf*

*slen. - - ten.*

was an old man in the North Country, And his trade was the cut-ting of broom. Hed a

*ten.*

*slen. - - ten.*

la-zy lad Jack for his son,..... He'd a la-zy lad Jack for his son;.....Who

*cresc.*

*rit.*

*f*

*a tempo*

Verses 1-6

lay in his bed till t'was noon, bright noon, Who lay in his bed till t'was noon. ....

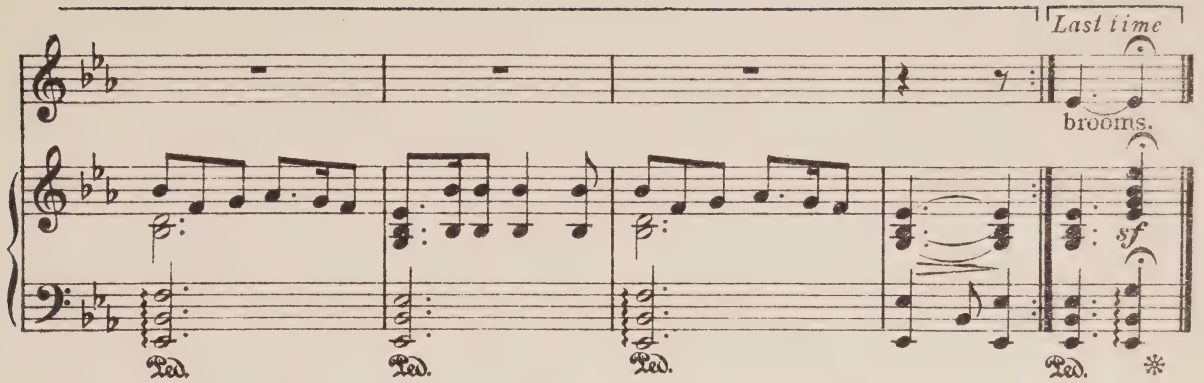
*cresc.*

*rit.*

*f*

*a tempo*





There was an old man in the North country,  
 And his trade was the cutting of broom, green broom;  
 There was an old man in the North country,  
 And his trade was the cutting of broom.  
 He'd a lazy lad Jack for his son,  
 Who lay in his bed till 'twas noon, bright noon,  
 Who lay in his bed till 'twas noon.

The Father was vexed, was sorely perplexed,  
 With passion he entered the room, the room;  
 The Father was vexed, was sorely perplexed,  
 With passion he entered the room.  
 He cried, "I will fire the bed!"  
 For you must go gathering broom, green broom.  
 For you must go gathering broom.

Jack lay in his nest still taking his rest,  
 And valued not what was his doom, his doom;  
 Jack lay in his nest still taking his rest,  
 And valued not what was his doom.  
 The Mother drew near with a stick,  
 And made him go gather green broom, green broom,  
 And made him go gather green broom.

Then Jack he arose and he donned his clothes,  
 And away to the woods he went soon, right soon;  
 Then Jack he arose and he donned his clothes,  
 And away to the woods he went soon.  
 'Twas then that Jack took a sharp knife,  
 And he fell to the cutting of broom, green broom,  
 He fell to the cutting of broom.

Jack followed his trade, he skillfully made  
 His goods for the sale among grooms, horse grooms;  
 Jack followed his trade and skillfully made  
 His goods for the sale among grooms.  
 He took them all up on his back,  
 And cried, "Do you want any brooms, good brooms?"  
 And cried, "Do you want any brooms?"

"I tell you they're good, just brought from the wood,  
 And fitted for sweeping of rooms, of rooms;  
 I tell you they're good, just brought from the wood,  
 And fitted for sweeping of rooms.  
 Come handle my ware," cried young Jack,  
 You never had better green brooms, green brooms,  
 You never had better green brooms."

"I've got a good trade, more brooms must be made,  
 For sweeping of stables and rooms, and rooms;  
 I've got a good trade, more brooms must be made,  
 For sweeping of stables and rooms.  
 Therefore I a prentice must have,  
 To help me in making the brooms, the brooms,  
 To help me in making the brooms.

# I designed to say No, but mistook and said Yes

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

## Allegretto grazioso

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

*poco rit.*

*colla voce*

As I was a -

- walk - ing in yon sha - dy grove, Young Co - lin came af - ter and

spoke of his love; He pressed me so hard - ly to grant him a

kiss, I de - signed to say, No, I de - signed to say No, but mis -

*Ad.* \*

*Ad.* \*

*Ad.* \*

*Ad.* \*

- took and said Yes, I de-signed to say No, but mis-took and said

*espress.*

*1st to 3rd Verses* *4th Verse*

Yes. Yes.

*mf a tempo* *poco slen.*

As I was a-walking in yon shady grove,  
 Young Colin came after and spoke of his love,  
 He pressed me so hardly to grant him a kiss,  
 I designed to say No, but mistook and said Yes.

Last Valentine's day, Oh my true love he came,  
 He brought me two lambkins to witness the same,  
 I frowned on the gift, though it was not amiss,  
 I designed to say No, but mistook and said Yes.

On Wednesday morn at our Midsummer Fair,  
 I blushed when I found that Young Colin was there,  
 He begged I would wed him, so hard did he press,  
 I designed to say No, but mistook and said Yes.

Now all you young damsels I pray you take care,  
 Should e're your swain ask you his cottage to share,  
 Don't scorn him or flout him or treat him amiss,  
 Nor mistake and say No when you want to say Yes.



# The Wealthy Farmer's Son

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**VOICE**

**PIANO**

Cheerfully (not too slow)

*mf* *ten.* *p*

Come all you pret - ty

*cresc.*

maid-ens fair, at-tend un-to my song, While I re-late a sto - ry that

*cresc.*

does to love be - long; It's of a fair young dam - sel all in the fields so

*poco slen.*

gay, ..... And there she met her sweet - heart, who un - to her did

*colla voce.*



Come all you pretty maidens fair, attend unto my song,  
While I relate a story that does to love belong;  
It's of a fair young damsel all in the fields so gay,  
And there she met her sweetheart, who unto her did say.

"Where are you going fair Nancy, so blithesome and gay?  
Why is it that you walk alone, come tell to me I pray;"  
"I'm going unto yon river side that's just behind yon hill,  
To gather the sweet flowers, and watch the fishes swim."

"Be not in haste, dear Nancy," the young man he did say,  
"For I will bear you company and guard you by the way;  
I live by yonder river-side where fishes they do swim,  
There you may gather flowers that grow beside the brim?"

"I pray you, sir, excuse me," this maiden did reply,  
"I ne'er will walk with any man until the day I die;  
I have a sweetheart of my own and he my heart has won,  
He lives in yonder cottage, a wealthy farmer's son."

Oh then replies this young man, "Tell me your lover's name,  
Though I'm in tarry trousers, perhaps I know the same,"  
She said, "His name is William, from him I ne'er will run,  
A ring he broke in parting, the wealthy farmer's son?"

The ring from out his pocket so quickly then he drew,  
Said Nancy, "Here's the parting gift, one half I left with you,"  
"It's I've been pressed for sea my dear, and many a battle won,  
But still your heart could ne'er depart from me, the farmer's son?"

Oh when she heard him say these words, it put her in surprise,  
The tears came trickling down her cheeks from out her sparkling eyes,  
"Oh soothe your heart, young man, she cries, the battle you have won,  
For Hymen's chains shall bind us, me and the farmer's son?"

# 'Twas early, early all in the Spring

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

*Poco animato*

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

*con pedale*

'Twas ear - ly,

ear - ly all in the Spring, My love..... was

pressed..... to serve the King; The wind blew



The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the lyrics 'high and the wind blew low, Which part - ed'. The second system contains the lyrics 'me from my young sail - or boy.' and ends with a double bar line. Performance markings include *f slen.*, *rit.*, *a tempo*, *f colla voce*, *sf rit. colla voce*, *a tempo*, *sempre col ped.*, *Last time*, *dim. rit.*, and *p*.

'Twas early, early all in the Spring,  
 My love was pressed to serve the King;  
 The wind blew high and the wind blew low,  
 Which parted me from my young sailor boy.

Oh father, father, build me a boat,  
 That on the ocean I may go float;  
 And each King's ship that I pass by,  
 I will enquire for my young sailor boy.

She'd not sailed far across the deep,  
 Before a King's ship she did meet;  
 "Come jolly sailors tell me true,  
 Does my love sail along with you?"

"What jacket does your true love wear?  
 What colour is your true love's hair?"  
 "A blue silk jacket bound with twine,  
 His hair is just the colour of mine?"

"Oh no fair maid, your love's not here,  
 He has got drowned I greatly fear,  
 For on the ocean as we passed by,  
 'Twas there we lost a young sailor boy."

Note: With regard to the rhyme of "Boy" and "By," in the 18th century and later, the "O" was then correctly pronounced "I." "Toil" was "Tile," "Oil" was "Ile," "Boy" "By" and so on.

# Jone O' Greenfield's Ramble

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Brightly

VOICE

*mf*

Said Jone to his wife one hot sum-mer day, I'm resolved that in

PIANO

*mf (sempre colla voce)*

Green-field no long - er I'll stay, For I'll go to Owd-ham as fast as I

can, So fare thee well Greenfield and fare thee well Nan, For a sod-ger I'll

*colla voce*

be, brave Owd - ham I'll see, And go have a bat-tle wi't

*poco rit.*

*f colla voce*

Verses 1 to 3

French.

2. Dear come.

*a tempo*

*rit.*

*sf*

Said Jone to his wife one hot summer day,  
 "I'm resolved that in Greenfield no longer I'll stay,  
 For I'll go to Owdham as fast as I can,  
 So fare thee well Greenfield and fare thee well Nan,  
 For a sodger I'll be, brave Owdham I'll see,  
 And go have a battle wi' t French.

"Dear Jone," said his wife, an' hoo bitterly cried,  
 "Wilt be one o' them foot, or tho' means for to ride?"  
 "Ods bods, wench, I'll ride either ass or a mule,  
 Ere I'll cower i' Greenfield as black as the dule,  
 Both clemming and starving wi' never a fathing,  
 It would welly soon drive me right mad"

"Ay Jone, sin' we come into Greenfield to dwell,  
 We've had many bare meals, I can very well tell,"  
 "Bare meals ye may say, I very well know,  
 There's been two days i' t'week we've had nowt at a',  
 I'm very near sided, afore I'll bide it,  
 I'll fight either Spanish or French"

"So fare thee well Greenfield, a sodger I'm made,  
 Ive gotten new shoon, and a fancy cockade,  
 I'll fight for old England as hard as I can,  
 Either French, Dutch or Spanish, to me it's all one,  
 I'll make 'em to stare like a new started hare,  
 I'll tell 'em from Owdham I'm come"

Note: This is the most famous of old Lancashire songs, it is a little shortened here and the dialect softened.

"Clem" is a pure Lancashire word and means to starve. "Hoo" is another Lancashire word meaning "she". Greenfield is a district not very far from "Owdham" or Oldham. Many Lancashire singers will be glad to see the song with its original tune, sent me by the late Dr. Watson, who enriched Manchester with his valuable musical library.



# The Highwayman

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Moderato**

VOICE *p* *poco cresc.*

In New-ry town I was bred and born, In....

PIANO *p espress e sosten.* *rit.* *p* *poco cresc.*

*col Ped.* *sempre col Ped.*

*p*

Lon-don town I..... die in scorn, I..... was brought up to the sad-dling trade, I was

*p*

al-ways thought a..... rov-ing blade. At sev-en-teen I..... took a wife, I.....

loved her dear - ly as my life; And to main-tain her both fine and gay I.....

*poco rit.* *verses 1 - 5* *Last time*

robbed up-on the King's high-way. I lib-er - ty.

*poco rit.* *sf rit.*

In Newry town I was bred and born,  
 In London town I die in scorn,  
 I was brought up to the saddling trade,  
 I was always thought a roving blade.

At seventeen I took a wife,  
 I loved her dearly as my life,  
 And to maintain her both fine and gay,  
 I robbed upon the King's highway.

I robbed Lord Mansfield I do declare,  
 His Lady fair in Grosvenor Square,  
 I gave three cheers; bidding them goodnight,  
 And went to the play in great delight.

Through Covent Garden was my way,  
 I and my girl to see the play,  
 But Fielding's gang did me swift pursue,  
 They took me then, the cursed crew.

I never robbed a poor man yet,  
 Or caused a tradesman for to fret,  
 I robbed the rich, but I served the poor,  
 Which brings me to this dismal door,

When I am dead and for the grave  
 Let me a splendid funeral have,  
 Let none but robbers go with me,  
 Give them I pray their liberty.

# Cupid's Garden

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

*Poco andante*

VOICE

*p*

As down in Cu-pid's gar-den I

PIANO

*p espress.*

*rit.*

*p*

chanc-ed for to go,..... To view the pret-ty flow-ers that in this gar-den grow; The

*Ad. \* Ad. \**

first it is the jas-sa-mine, the li-ly and the rose.... That is the sweet-est flow-er that

*Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \**



in this garden grows, that in this garden grows.

*rit.* *Last time*

*rit.* *espress.* *sempre rit.* *p*

*Ad.* \*

As down in Cupid's garden I chanced for to go,  
 To view the pretty flowers that in this garden grow,  
 The first it is the jassamine, the lily and the rose,  
 That is the sweetest flower that in this garden grows,

I'd not been in that garden the past of half an hour,  
 Before I saw two maidens sitting in a leafy bower.  
 The first was lovely Nancy, so beautiful and fair,  
 The other was a virgin, who did the laurel wear.

I boldly stepped up to her, and unto her did say,  
 "Are you engaged to any young man, come tell to me I pray"  
 "I'm not engaged to any young man, I solemnly declare,  
 For I mean to be a virgin, and still the laurel wear."

When this fair maid had told him the secrets of her mind,  
 The gallant sailor jumped for joy, to hear her speak so kind,  
 Saying, I am blessed for ever how happy I should be  
 If I may have my true love sit smiling on my knee.

It's down in Portsmouth Harbour, our ship lies waiting there,  
 And I must go to sea, love, when ere the wind blows fair,  
 And if my love goes with me, how happy I shall be,  
 If I may have my true love to sit upon my knee.

# The Farmer's Boy

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

*mf*

*poco rit.*

*p*

The

sun had set be - hind yon hills, A-cross yon drea-ry moor,..... When poor and lame, a

*p a tempo*

boy there came Up to a farm-er's door,.... "Can you tell me if here it be That

I..... can find em-ploy,..... To plough and sow, and reap and mow, And be a farm-er's

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 7/8. The score is divided into two main sections: 'verses 1 to 4' and 'Last time'. The first section includes the lyrics 'boy?' and '2. "My boy.....'. The piano accompaniment includes markings such as *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *espress e rit.* (expressive and ritardando). The melody is simple and pastoral, with a recurring motif of a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note.

The sun had set behind yon hills,  
 Across yon dreary moor;  
 When poor and lame, a boy there came  
 Up to a farmer's door;  
 "Can you tell me if here it be  
 That I can find employ,  
 To plough and sow, and reap and mow,  
 And be a farmer's boy?"

"My father is dead, and mother left  
 With five children, great and small;  
 And what is worse for mother still,  
 I'm the oldest of them all.  
 Though small I'll work as hard as a Turk,  
 If you'll give me employ,  
 To plough and sow, and reap and mow  
 And be a farmer's boy."

"And if that you won't me employ,  
 One favour I've to ask,  
 To shelter me, till break of day,  
 From this cold winter's blast?  
 At break of day, I'll trudge away  
 Elsewhere to seek employ,  
 To plough and sow, and reap and mow  
 And be a farmer's boy."

"Come, try the lad," the mistress said,  
 "Let him no further seek;"  
 "Dear father do!" the daughter cried,  
 While tears ran down her cheek;  
 "He'd work if he could, 'tis hard to want food,  
 And wander for employ,  
 Don't turn him away, but let him stay,  
 And be a farmer's boy."

And when the lad became a man,  
 The good old farmer died,  
 And left the lad the farm he had,  
 His daughter for his bride.  
 The lad that was, the farm now has,  
 Oft smiles, and thinks with joy,  
 Of the lucky day he came that way,  
 To be a farmer's boy.

The pretty pastoral, "The farmer's boy," is known in every district in England, and is set to many different tunes. The present air is from Driffield in Yorkshire, and the song was sung to it some fifty or sixty years ago.



## On Board a Ninety-Eight

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Tempo guisto

*Brightly and rhythmically*

VOICE

PIANO

When I was young and scarce eighteen, I drove a roar-ing trade, And of-tentimes I  
fell in love with man-y a pret-ty maid, With man-y a pret-ty maid. A  
bold press gang sur-round-ed me, Their warrant they did show, And swore that I should  
go to sea, And face the dar-ing foe,..... And face the dar-ing  
foe. And so they lugged me to the ship, Oh, how I cursed my fate,..... 'Twas

*mf* *mf* *sf* *p* *mf* *sf* *p*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 7/8. The score consists of two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the last two lines, with the final line marked 'Last verse'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *sf* (sforzando) and *p* (piano), and a tempo marking *non rit.* (non ritardando). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

then I found that I must float On board a nine-ty-eight;..... On  
board a nine-ty eight. They eight.

*sf* *p* *non rit.*

*Last verse*

When I was young and scarce eighteen,  
I drove a roaring trade,  
And oftentimes I fell in love  
With many a pretty maid.

A bold press gang surrounded me,  
Their warrant they did show,  
And swore that I should go to sea,  
And face the daring foe.

And so they lugged me to the boat,  
Oh, how I cursed my fate;  
'Twas then I found that I must float  
On board a ninety-eight.

They weighed the anchor, shook out sail,  
And off they bore me straight,  
To watch the foe in storm or gale,  
On board a ninety-eight.

In course of time a fight begun,  
Our shots we sent out straight,  
What would I give if I could run  
From on board a ninety-eight.

So well I did my duty do,  
I soon got boatswain mate,  
And very soon got boatswain too,  
On board the ninety-eight.

To Greenwich College now I come,  
Because I saved my pate,  
They only knocked one wing off me,  
On board a ninety-eight.

So now I can my cocoa take,  
My pouch with bacca stored,  
With my blue clothes and three cocked hat,  
I'm happy as a lord.

I've done my duty, served my King,  
And now I bless my fate,  
But surely I'm too old to sing,  
I'm nearly ninety-eight.

## The Saucy Ploughboy

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

Come all you pretty maidens, And

*p*

*f*

lis - ten un - to me, Will you wed a sau - cy plough - boy Whose

heart is light and free? For the plough-boys they are mer-ry lads, To the



fields they haste a - way, While the pret - ty maids are milk - ing, Or

*Verses 1 & 2* mak-ing of sweet hay. *Last verse* I oth-er lad for me.

Come all you pretty maidens,  
 And listen unto me,  
 Will you wed a saucy ploughboy  
 Whose heart is light and free?  
 For the ploughboys they are merry lads,  
 To the fields they haste away,  
 While the pretty maids are milking,  
 Or making of sweet hay.

I rise up in the morning  
 And trip along with joy,  
 While the lark and thrush are singing,  
 I'm a saucy ploughing boy.  
 The lambs how they are sporting,  
 And we will kiss and toy,  
 I've silver in my pocket,  
 I'm a saucy ploughing boy.

I'm kind and I'm free hearted,  
 No lass shall me annoy,  
 I am frolicsome and easy  
 A saucy farmer's boy.  
 They love me to be dancing,  
 They're jovial and free,  
 Come along you saucy ploughboy,  
 No other lad for me.

## Colin and Phoebe

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Brightly** (*not too slow*)

**VOICE**

*p*

Well met, my pret-ty Phoe-be, oh, why in such haste? Through

**PIANO**

*p*

fields and though mea-dows all day I have chased, In search of my

fair one who does me dis - dain, But I hope you'll re - ward me for

*colla voce*

*slen.*

*slen.*

Verses 1-4

Last verse

all my past pain. mine.

*a tempo*

*sf*

"Well met, my pretty Phoebe, oh, why in such haste?  
Through fields and through meadows all day I have chased,  
In search of my fair one who dees me disdain,  
But I hope she'll reward me for all my past pain."

"Go, go, boldest Colin, how dare you be seen  
With a maiden like me who is scarcely sixteen?  
To be seen all alone with you I am afraid,  
No longer I'd pass for a modest young maid."

"Ne'er mind what the world says, 'twill all prove a lie,  
We are not now alone for yon cottage is by,  
They may judge of our actions, so drive away fear,  
No harm is intended to Phoebe my dear."

"Oh, stay gentle shepherd, a few moments stay,  
I'll venture to yield if you mean what you say,  
Let to-morrow first come and at church you will find  
The girl you thought cruel prove constant and kind."

"Oh Phoebe, dear Phoebe, accept of my vow,  
I ne'er thought you loved me sincerely till now,  
But when in the church your bright eyes do shine,  
For ever I'll love you for then you are mine."



# My Bonny, Bonny Boy

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

*Andante con espressione* *p*

VOICE

Oh I once loved a boy, and a bonny, bonny boy, I  
I look-ed up high, I looked down low, And the

PIANO

*p*

*il melodia marcato*

*f slen.* *ten. p*

loved him I vow and pro - test ..... I loved him so well, and so ve - ry, ve - ry well, That I  
sun it shone won - der - ful warm, When who should I see but my own bon - ny boy, With an -

*f slen. colla voce*

*f poco rit.* *dim.* *p a tempo*

found him a place in my breast, ..... That I found him a place in my breast. It was  
- oth - er girl clasped in his arms, ..... With an - oth - er girl clasp'd in his arms. Oh,

*f poco rit.* *dim.* *p a tempo*

up the green fo - rest and down the green forest, Like one that was troubled in mind, ..... I hal -  
then he took me up - on his false knee And thought I was at his com - mand, ..... But I

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The piano accompaniment features chords and single notes, with some measures marked with a double asterisk (\*). Performance markings include *f* (forte), *slen.* (sostenuto), *p* (piano), *poco rit.* (poco ritardando), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

-loo'd and I call'd and I played on the flute, But no bon-ny boy could I find,..... But no  
said, "My false lover you've given your heart, I know where you've given your hand,..... I.....

bon - ny boy could I find.....  
know where you've gi - ven your hand.....

Oh, I once loved a boy and a bonny, bonny boy,  
I loved him I vow and protest,  
I loved him so well and so very, very well,  
That I found him a place in my breast.

It was up the green forest and down the green forest,  
Like one that was troubled in mind,  
I halloo'd and I called and I played on the flute,  
But no bonny boy could I find.

I lookèd up high, I lookèd down low,  
And the sun it shone wonderful warm,  
When who should I see but my own bonny boy,  
With another girl clasped in his arm.

Oh, then he took me upon his false knee,  
And thought I was at his command,  
But I said, "My false lover, you've given your heart,  
I know where you've given your hand."

This quaint old song is a traditional survival of a 17th century ballad called "Cupid's Trepan, or up the Green Forest."

# Captain Glen

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Moderato**

VOICE

PIANO

*mf espress.* *p ritard* *p*

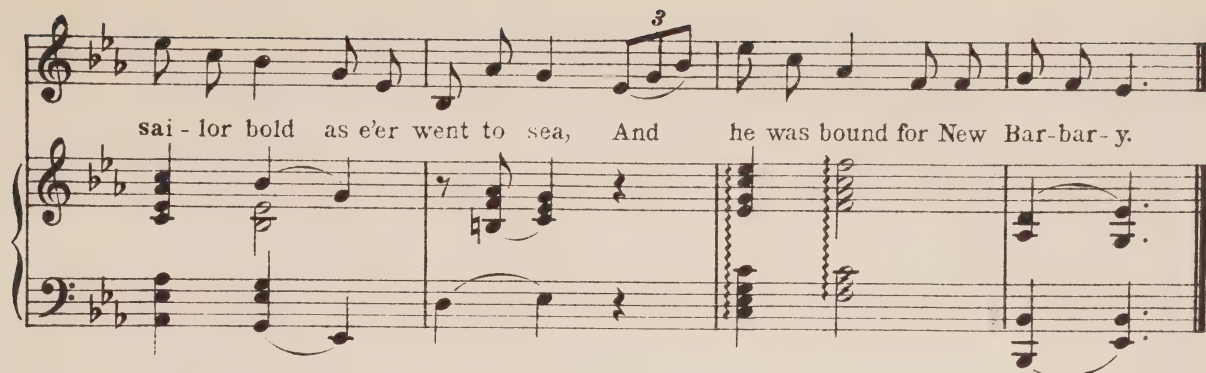
There was a ship and a

ship of fame, Launched off the stocks, bound for the main, With a

hun-dred bold and brisk young men, Well pick'd and cho-sen ev'-ry one, Oh,

Wil-liam Glen was our cap-tain's name, He..... was a brisk and a tall young man, A.....





There was a ship and a ship of fame,  
 Launched off the stocks, bound for the main,  
 With a hundred bold and brisk young men,  
 Well picked and chosen every one.

Oh William Glen was our captain's name,  
 He was a brisk and a tall young man,  
 A sailor bold as e'er went to sea,  
 And he was bound for New Barbary.

One night the Captain he did dream,  
 There came a voice which said to him,  
 "Prepare you and your company,  
 To-morrow night you'll lodge with me?"

This waked the Captain in a fright,  
 Being the third watch of the night,  
 Then for his boatswain he did call,  
 And to him told his secrets all.

"When I in England did remain,  
 The Holy Sabbath I did profane,  
 In drunkenness I took delight,  
 Which doth my trembling soul affright.

There is one thing more I've to rehearse,  
 Which I shall mention in this verse,  
 A squire I slew in Staffordshire,  
 All for the sake of a lady dear.

Now 'tis his ghost I am afraid,  
 That hath to me such terror made,  
 Although the King doth pardon me,  
 He's daily in my company."

They had not sailed a league but three,  
 Till raging grew the roaring sea,  
 There rose a tempest in the skies,  
 Which filled their hearts with great surprise.

Our mainmast sprung by break of day,  
 Which made our rigging all give way,  
 This did our seamen sore affright,  
 The terrors of that fatal night.

The sea did wash both fore and aft,  
 Till scarce one sail on board was left,  
 Our yards were split, our rigging tore,  
 The like was never seen before.

The boatswain then he did declare,  
 The Captain was a murderer,  
 Which did enrage the whole ship's crew,  
 Our Captain overboard they threw.

Our wicked Captain being gone,  
 Immediately there was calm,  
 The wind did cease, and the raging sea,  
 As we went to New Barbary.

But when our ship we did repair,  
 To fair England our course did steer,  
 And when we came to London town,  
 Our dismal case was then made known.

Now seamen all where'er you be,  
 I pray a warning take from me,  
 As you love your life still have a care,  
 That you never sail with a murderer.

# The Poor Man's Wish

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

*poco slen.*

*p*

Give

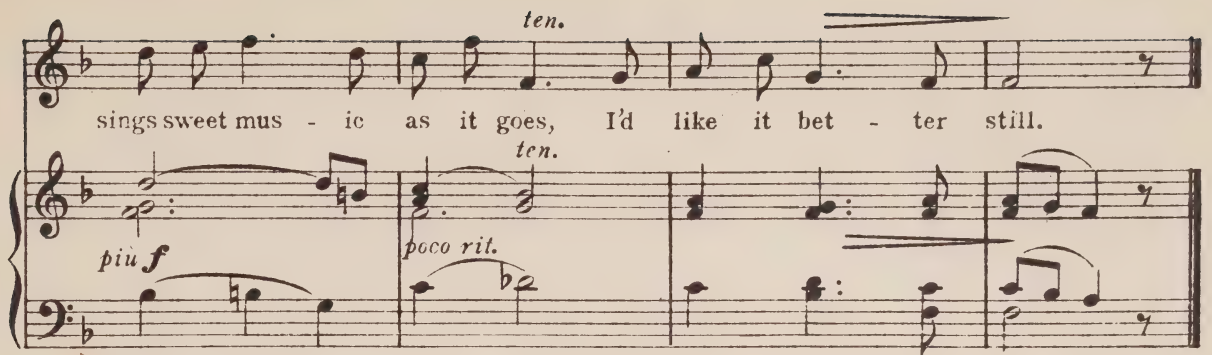
me a lit - tle hum-ble cot A bit of gar - den ground, Set

*p*

in some qui - et shel-tered spot, With leaf-y trees a - round And

if be-side my cot there flows A lit - tle murm'-ring rill, That

*piu f*



Give me a little humble cot,  
A bit of garden ground,  
Set in some quiet sheltered spot  
With leafy trees around.

And if beside my cot there flows  
A little murmuring rill,  
That sings sweet music as it goes,  
I'd like it better still.

Give me a wife that loves me well,  
With children two or three,  
With health to sweeten every meal,  
With hearts brimful of glee.

Give me a chance with honest toil,  
My efforts to engage,  
Give me a master who can smile  
When forking out my wage.

Give me a pipe to smoke at night,  
A pint of home brewed ale,  
A faithful dog that runs to meet  
Me with a wagging tail.

Give me all these and I shall be  
Content without a doubt,  
But if denied— well I must be  
Content to live without.



# Creeping Jane

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Moderato (not too slow)

VOICE

PIANO

*mf*

*poco rit.*

*mf*

I'll sing you a song, and a

ve-ry pret-ty one, Con-cern-ing Creeping Jane. She nev-er saw a mare or a

geld - ing in her life, That she ev - er val-ued more than half a pin, half a pin,

Tol de rid-dle lol de li - do Tol de rid-dle lol de dol; She

nev-er saw a mare or a geld-ing in her life, That she ev-er val-ued more than half a

pin, half a pin.

I'll sing you a song and a very pretty one,  
Concerning Creeping Jane.  
She never saw a mare or a gelding in her life,  
That she ever valued more than half a pin.

When first Creeping Jane came on the race course,  
They viewed her round and round,  
And all they could say concerning Creeping Jane,  
Was that she couldn't gallop o'er the ground.

When that she came to the first-mile post,  
Creeping Jane was far behind,  
But the rider threw his whip around her pretty neck,  
And he said my little lady never mind.

When that she came to the second mile post,  
Creeping Jane was far behind,  
But the rider threw his whip around her pretty neck,  
And he said, my little lady, never mind.

When that she came to the third mile post,  
Creeping Jane looked blithe and smart,  
On then she lifted up her lily white feet,  
And she passed the other horses like a dart.

Now Creeping Jane the race she has won,  
And scarcely sweats one drop,  
And if she had a mind she could gallop o'er again,  
While the others they're not able for to trot.

Now Creeping Jane she is dead and gone,  
Her body's on cold, cold ground,  
One favour I would ask, from her master I would beg,  
Her precious little body from the hounds.

# The Sprig of Thyme

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

*Andante con espressione* *p*

VOICE

PIANO

*p espress e rit.*

are just in your prime,  
grows and seeks the sun,

Id have you keep your gar - den clear, And let  
It's Time that brings all things to an end, So

no one steal your Thyme,  
now my Thyme runs on,

And let no one steal your Thyme. I  
So now my Thyme runs on. But

once had... a sprig of Thyme,  
now my Thyme is dead,

It pros - pered night and  
No room have I for

*espress.*

*ten.*

*slen.*

*Red.* \*

*Red.* \*

*Red.* \*

*Red.* \*



The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the next two lines. The piano accompaniment features a variety of textures, including chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines. There are several performance markings: 'rit.' (ritardando) at the end of the first line and in the piano part of the second line; 'ten.' (tenuto) at the start of the third line; 'slen.' (sostenuto) in the piano part of the third line; and 'rit e espress.' (ritardando e espressivo) in the piano part of the fourth line. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

day, By chance there came a false heart - ed man, And he stole my Thyme a -  
new, For the bush of Thyme I loved so well Is turned to bit - ter

way. And he stole my Thyme a - way.  
rue, Is turned to bit - ter rue.

*rit.*  
*ten.*  
*slen.*  
*rit e espress.*

Come all you pretty fair maids,  
That are just in your prime,  
I'd have you keep your garden clear,  
And let no one steal your Thyme

I once had a sprig of Thyme,  
It prospered night and day,  
By chance there came a false hearted man,  
And he stole my Thyme away.

Thyme is the prettiest herb,  
That grows and seeks the sun,  
It's time that brings all things to an end,  
So now my Thyme runs on.

But now my Thyme is dead,  
No room have I for new,  
For the bush of Thyme I loved so well,  
Is turned to bitter rue.

# The Knight's Dream

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

**Moderato**

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

A gal-lant young knight once be -

*ritard.* *p*

held in a dream The fair - est of earth's fair - est crea - tures. It

*poco slen.*

came to his mind he would seek out and find A maid with such beau - ti - ful

*colla voce*

fea - tures. Each day he rode far with his pur - pose in view, But

*Red.* \*

*Red.* \*

found no one like his dream-maid - en. In the towns he did pass he

*poco slen.*

looked for the lass, And his heart soon with sor - row was lad - en.

*colla voce*

A gallant young Knight once beheld in a dream  
 The fairest of earth's fairest creatures.  
 It came to his mind he would seek out and find  
 A maid with such beautiful features.

Each day he rode far with his purpose in view  
 But found no one like his dream maiden;  
 In the towns he did pass he looked for the lass,  
 And his heart soon with sorrow was laden.

By chance once he rode through a mean lowly street  
 And paused at a door that was open,  
 And when at the door there stood on the floor,  
 A maid, but a lab'ring man's daughter.

"I never have seen you but once in my life,  
 It was in a dream that I saw you,  
 I've thought of your face and dark rolling eyes,  
 And now I am standing before you."

She asked him his name, and from whence that he came,  
 She feared that he'd give her denial.  
 "Although I am poor I will not be a fool,  
 So pray do not put me on trial."

"A fool unto me is what you ne'er shall be,  
 For a lady of honour I'll make you;  
 I've servants at home who on you will wait,  
 I've houses and lands to maintain you.



# Fair Phoebe and her Dark-eyed Sailor

Traditional Air collected by  
FRANK KIDSON

Arranged by  
ALFRED MOFFAT

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

*ritard.*

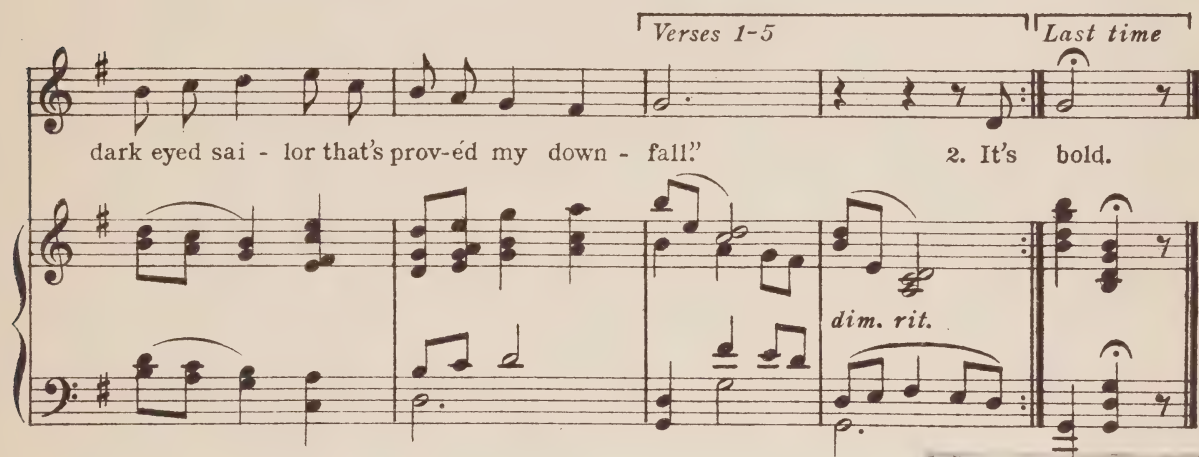
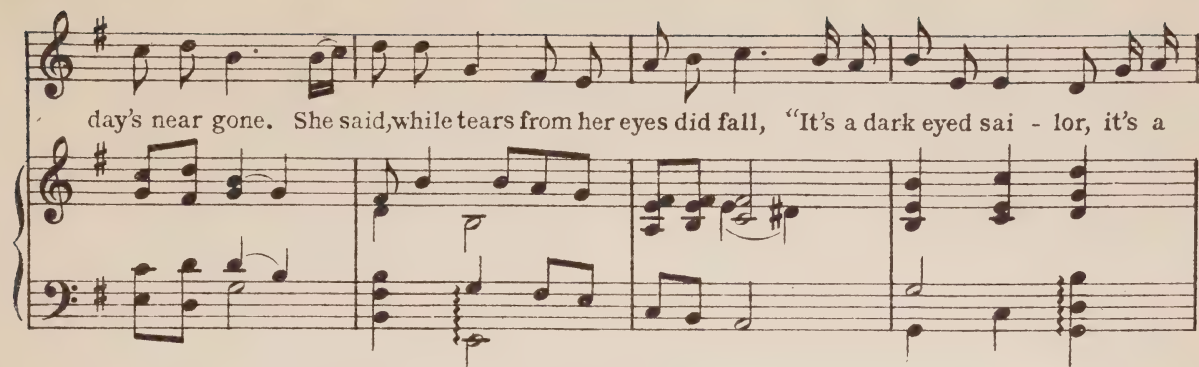
*p*

It's of a come - ly young

la - dy fair, Was walk - ing out to take the air, She met a sai - lor

by the way, So I paid at - ten - tion, so I paid at - ten - tion to hear what they did

say. It's la - dy, la - dy, why roam a - lone, The night comes on, the



It's of a comely young lady fair,

Was walking out to take the air,

She met a sailor by the way,

So I paid attention, so I paid attention to hear what they did say.

It's lady, lady, why roam alone

The night comes on, the day's near gone,

She said, while tears from her eyes did fall,

"It's a dark eyed sailor, it's a dark eyed sailor that's proved my down fall!"

"It's two long years since he left the land,

I took a ring from off my hand,

We broke the token, here's half with me,

The other's rolling, the other's rolling beneath the salt, salt sea?"

Said William, "Drive him from all your mind,

Some other sailor soon you'll find,

Love turns aside and cold does grow,

Like winter morning, like winter morning when lands are clothed with snow."

"His coal black eyes and his curly hair,

And pleasing tongue my heart did snare,

Genteel he was, nor rake like you,

To tell a maiden, to tell a maiden to slight a jacket blue?"

Then half the ring did my William show,

Distracted was with sudden joy,

"Oh welcome, William, I've land and gold

For my dark eyed sailor, for my dark eyed sailor so manly, true and bold!"









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